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DRAWN BY CHARLES DE JANKOWSKI.

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THE PLAYHOUSES.

"THE TENTH OF AUGUST." AT THE NEW.

NEW plays by new authors are what Mr. Jerrard Allen has been promising us at the New Theatre; but their first novelty, "The Tenth of August," a comedy written by Alexandra von Herder, turns out to be a very mild affair, based on the domestic life of an astronomer who neglects his pretty young wife for study of the stars. He is writing a book which is to mark a wonderful advance in scientific theory, and he only requires to complete it, an observation of the movements of certain shooting stars which are timed for the tenth of August. Physical weakness, the result of over-work, obliges him to commit the task to his half-brother, who shirks star-gazing for the more agreeable pastime of making love to his sister-in-law. The astronomer collapses under his disappointment, and vows never to forgive his brother his betrayal of trust. But, fortunately, his medical man is able to furnish him with photographs of the meteoric display, and so, for the astronomer at least, all ends happily; while the sentimental tangle is smoothed out by the wife's being left in her old position of neglect. The play, it will be gathered, is much fuss about nothing. Mr. Malcolm Cherry does his best in the part of the half-hearted lover, and Mr. Robertshaw realises satisfactorily the astronomer's absent-mindedness and self-absorption. But the noteworthy acting at the New Theatre matinées is Miss Nina Boucicault's. Hers is a wonderful display of nervous irritability and, at the same time, of charming womanliness in the rôle of the unhappy little wife. Her changes in intonation and her alterations of mood have rarely been more effective in the playhouse, and never has she shown such sincerity of emotion.

"PETER PAN." REVIVED AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S.

Mr. Barrie's nursery classic, "Peter Pan," the one ideal entertainment for children which we have had during the last decade, has come in for many ovations, but can never have enjoyed quite so enthusiastic a reception as greeted the opening night of its third revival. This delightful fantasy of pirates and redskins and mermaids, and the land where children never grow up, had on the occasion in question an audience largely composed of schoolboys, and from first to last the youthful playgoers cheered and laughed with deafening eagerness. They liked it every bit. Mr. Barrie can make-believe like any child, and that is the secret of his popularity with children. It is a happy thing for the revival that Miss Hilda Trevelyan is able to repeat her exquisite impersonation of the mother-child, Wendy; this is still, as it always was, the outstanding feature of the representation. Miss Pauline Chase gives a pretty performance as Peter Pan, but she lacks the nervous intensity and the imaginative feeling of Miss Nina Boucicault. Mr. Robb Harwood is a superb burlesque pirate-captain; and good, too, are Mr. A. E. Matthews's paterfamilias, Miss Sybil Carlisle's mother of the family, and Mr. Charles Trevor's pirate Starkey. If this year's enthusiasm means anything, "Peter Pan" looks like proving a hardy annual.

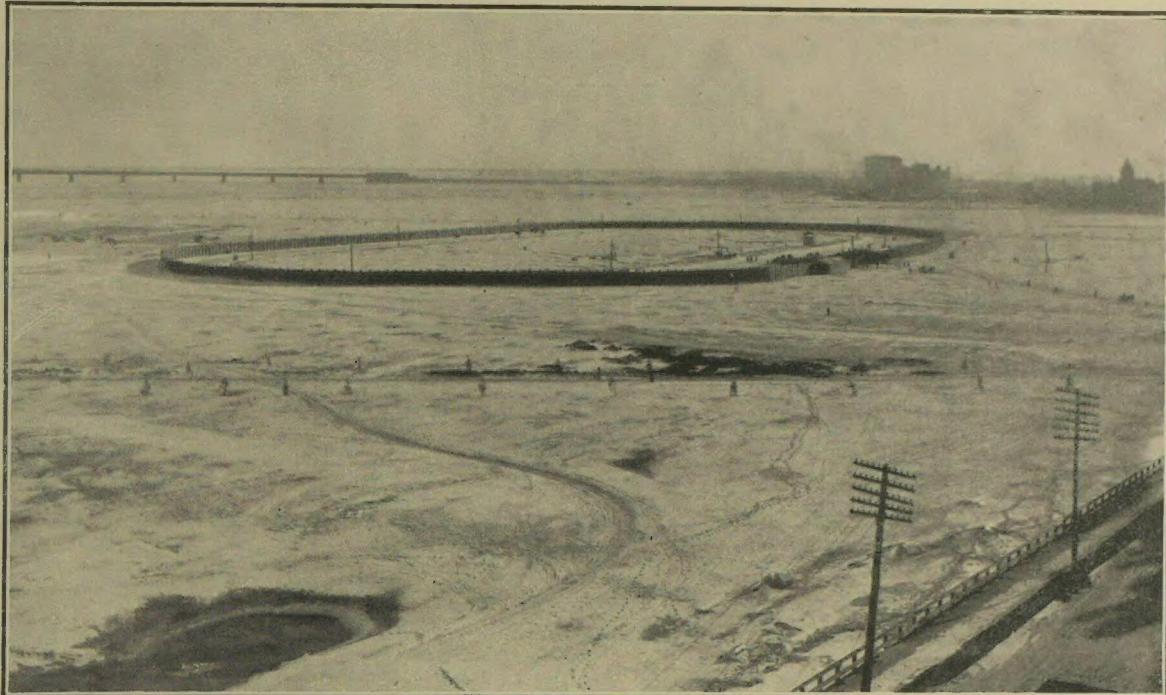
EGYPT EXPLORATION.

THE Twenty-eighth Memoir of the Egypt Exploration Fund contains an account of the excavation of the Eleventh Dynasty temple at Deir El-Bahari by Dr. Edouard Naville, Mr. H. R. Hall, and Mr. E. R. Ayrton. The group reproduced on another page is taken from a model measuring 31 in. by 18½ in. A line of women grind grain with rollers painted to represent red quartzite. Facing the corn-grinders are men who sift the grain with sieves. Back to back with them are the bakers squatting in front of their tall, black ovens; and a line of brewers places the bread in vats to ferment it for the making of beer. A *reis*, thong-stick in hand, superintends the work.

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A RACE-COURSE ON THE ICE OF THE ST. LAWRENCE,
AND A PALACE CUT FROM THE FROZEN RIVER.



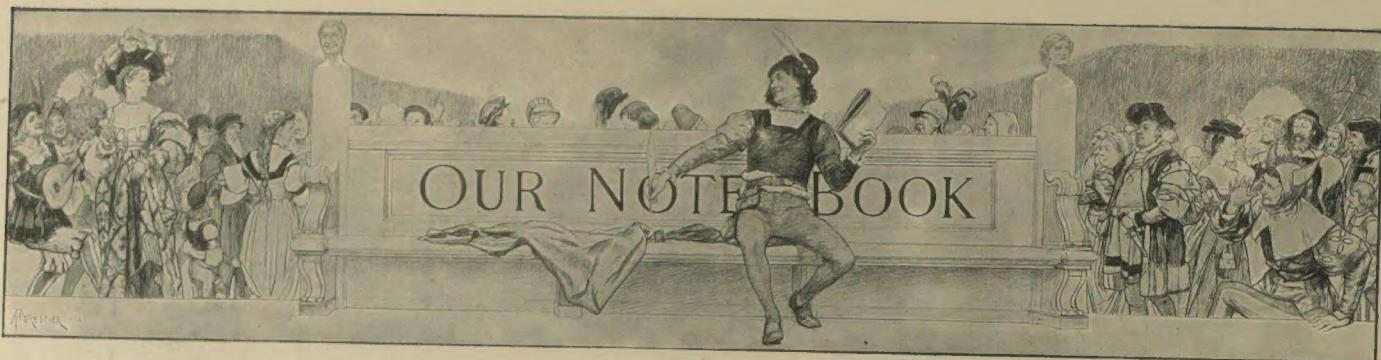
A RACE-COURSE ON THE ICE: A CURIOSITY OF THE FROZEN ST. LAWRENCE.



A WINTER WONDER: A MONTREAL ICE PALACE.

Such curiosities as the building here illustrated have been erected from time to time in Russia, and occasionally in America. The beautiful building at Montreal was composed entirely of ice blocks cut from the St. Lawrence river. The site of the Palace was in Windsor Square. A contemporary curiosity was the race-course on the frozen river.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE EXCLUSIVE NEWS AGENCEY.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

THERE are two methods of advertisement in the world. One is to advertise something by saying that it is succeeding. The other is to advertise a thing by saying that it is failing. You can advertise ordinary sermons by calling them the New Theology; or on the other hand one can advertise an ordinary flower by asserting (on your personal word of honour) that it is the Last Rose of Summer. The entrance of a thing into the world, or its departure from the world, are the great opportunities for praising it; that is why all healthy men and women have always felt that christenings and funerals were such fun. But in the area of strict advertisement the thing is equally true; you can push a thing by saying that it is coming on; but you can also push a thing by saying that it is going away. To take any two obvious examples: it is an advertisement to say "Positively Largest Circulation" of a newspaper. It is an advertisement also to say "Positively Last Appearance" of an actor. There is, however, a very important distinction between these two methods. If you are going to announce a thing as a failure, it must be a good thing. If you are going to attract attention to the last rose of summer, you must only do it when a long and historical human experience leads you to believe that mankind is really rather fond of roses. You must not play that game with soap, or any slight, faddist, secondary sort of thing. The sunset is poetical because the sun is popular. Even a slowly fading fire of wood or coal is a thing that can attract people to its last red embers; they will linger over it because real fire is in itself a fine thing. But if you have hot-water pipes in your house (which God forbid), do not, in a light and hospitable manner, ask your friends to come and put their fingers on the hot-water pipes and feel them gradually cooling. It is not the same thing. Fires are nice things, and when half-cold are still poetic; hot-water pipes are nasty things, and the sooner they cool the better. You must be quite certain of the real merit of a thing before you risk a declaration that it is dying. If a thing is weak, insist on its enormous success; it is your only chance. But if a thing is strong, insist that it is defeated.

By this simple principle we can find a really workable division between the two chief types of human institutions. Really healthy institutions are always supposed to be dying—like nations. Thoroughly diseased institutions are always praised as being in a state of brutal and invincible health—like empires. When an Englishman, whether Tory or Radical, wants to praise England he says that England is going to the dogs; that the sturdy English are gone. But when a British Imperialist—whether German, Austrian, Polish, Jewish, or American—wishes to praise the British Empire, he says that it is going ahead like a house on fire, and that nothing can stop its success. He says that because he does not really believe in the British Empire at all; he knows that the optimistic advertisement is the only tip in the case of a shaky piece of goods. But the English patriot, whether Tory or Radical, knows that there is a real sound article called England, and he tells people to snap it up before it has vanished, instead of telling them to buy it merely because it has a boom. This is only one example; but the principle is of universal application. People attached to things they do care about tend to fear for them. People attached to things they do not care about tend to brag about them. Lovers tend to be sad. Commercial travellers tend to be artificially and inhumanly cheerful.

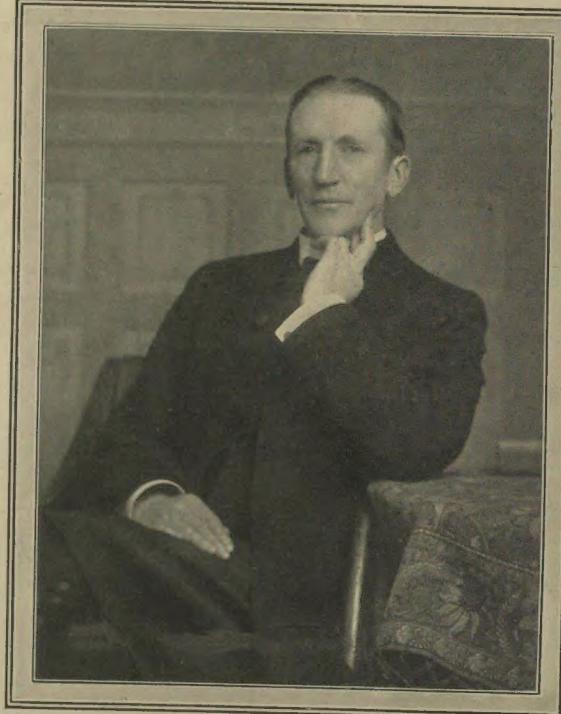
I have been reminded of all this by the inevitable discussions in the current papers about whether the keeping of Christmas is destined to die out, whether Christmas itself will disappear. Of course, Christmas will not disappear. Christmas is one of those very strong things that can afford to boast of its own approaching

disappearance. Santa Claus is an actor who can always have a "positively last appearance" with advantage to himself; because people really want him. Weak things must boast of being new, like so many new German philosophies. But strong things can boast of being old. Strong things can boast of being moribund. In the case of Christmas it is quite easy to put a simple test. All the great writers who have praised Christmas customs have praised them as antiquated customs. All the authors who have eulogised Father Christmas have eulogised him as a very elderly gentleman. Now, there is no man who believes in tradition more than I do. Tradition (it seems to me) is simply the democracy of the dead. But there is a certain kind of tradition which, while it is immensely valuable, is obviously, by reason

artists, idealists, or neo-pagans to substitute anything else for them. For the truth is that there is an alliance between religion and real fun, of which the modern thinkers have never got the key, and which they are quite unable to criticise or to destroy. All Socialist Utopias, all new Pagan Paradises, promised in this age to mankind have all one horrible fault. They are all dignified. All the men in William Morris are dignified. All the men even in H. G. Wells are dignified, when they are men at all. But being undignified is the essence of all real happiness, whether before God or man. Hilarity involves humility; nay, it involves humiliation. Anyone can prove for himself this spiritual principle before a month is out, by walking about in the actual cap that he really found in the cracker. Religion is much nearer to riotous happiness than it is to the detached and temperate types of happiness in which gentlemen and philosophers find their peace. Religion and riot are very near, as the history of all religions proves. Riot means being a rotter; and religion means knowing you are a rotter. Somebody said, and it has often been quoted: "Be good and you will be happy; but you will not have a jolly time." The epigram is witty, but it is profoundly mistaken in its estimate of the truth of human nature. I should be inclined to say that the truth is exactly the reverse. Be good and you will have a jolly time; but you will not be happy. If you have a good heart you will always have some lightness of heart; you will always have the power of enjoying special human feasts, and positive human good news. But the heart which is there to be lightened will also be there to be hurt; and really if you only want to be happy, to be steadily and stupidly happy like the animals, it may be well worth your while not to have a heart at all. Fortunately, however, being happy is not so important as having a jolly time. Philosophers are happy; saints have a jolly time. The important thing in life is not to keep a steady system of pleasure and composure (which can be done quite well by hardening one's heart or thickening one's head), but to keep alive in oneself the immortal power of astonishment and laughter, and a kind of young reverence. This is why religion always insists on special days like Christmas, while philosophy always tends to despise them. Religion is interested not in whether a man is happy, but whether he is still alive, whether he can still react in a normal way to new things, whether he blinks in a blinding light or laughs when he is tickled. That is the best of Christmas, that it is a startling and disturbing happiness; it is an uncomfortable comfort. The Christmas customs destroy the human habits. And while customs

are generally unselfish, habits are nearly always selfish. The object of the religious festival is, as I have said, to find out if a happy man is still alive. A man can smile when he is dead. Composure, resignation, and the most exquisite good manners are, so to speak, the strong points of corpses. There is only one way in which you can test his real vitality, and that is by a special festival. Explode crackers in his ear, and see if he jumps. Prick him with holly, and see if he feels it. If not, he is dead, or, as he would put it, is "living the higher life."

For in this matter, as in nearly all modern matters, we must continually remember the question I think I mentioned recently in connection with Francis Thompson and religious symbolism. When we talk of things like Christmas we must remember what we have to compare them to. It is not a question between Christmas ceremonies and a free, pure life; it is a question between Christmas ceremonies and vulgar society ceremonies; between the exciting conventions of a pantomime and the dull conventions of a dinner-table. It is not Christmas against liberty. Though if it were I should still choose Christmas.



THE NEW BISHOP OF CHICHESTER: THE VERY REV. C. J. RIDGEWAY, DEAN OF CARLISLE.

Dr. Wilberforce's successor is of St. Paul's School and Trinity College, Cambridge. He has been Bishop of North China, and Surrogate Commissary of the Archbishop of Cape Town. For the last two years he has been Dean of Carlisle.

of its own eternal renewal, not quite accurate. If tradition records that things have been growing more and more hot or cold or blue or triangular, then the longer the tradition has been going on the more clear it must be that it is not quite true. Supposing that your father and grandfather and great-grandfather and great-great-grandfather had all left it on record that the sun in the sky was growing smaller before their very eyes, then I think we should not believe it; not because we are any wiser than they, but because if that had been the exact truth there would not by this time be any sun at all. So that when we find our fathers perpetually saying age after age that religion is dying, that religious festivity is dying, that the hearty human customs are dying, I think we are justified in saying that they were mistaken, not in their praise, but in their despair. The truth was that religion, being really a good thing, could thrive as a continual failure; just as it would be quite worth a brewer's while to announce the last cask of real ale in England.

The Christmas celebrations will certainly remain, and will certainly survive any attempt by modern

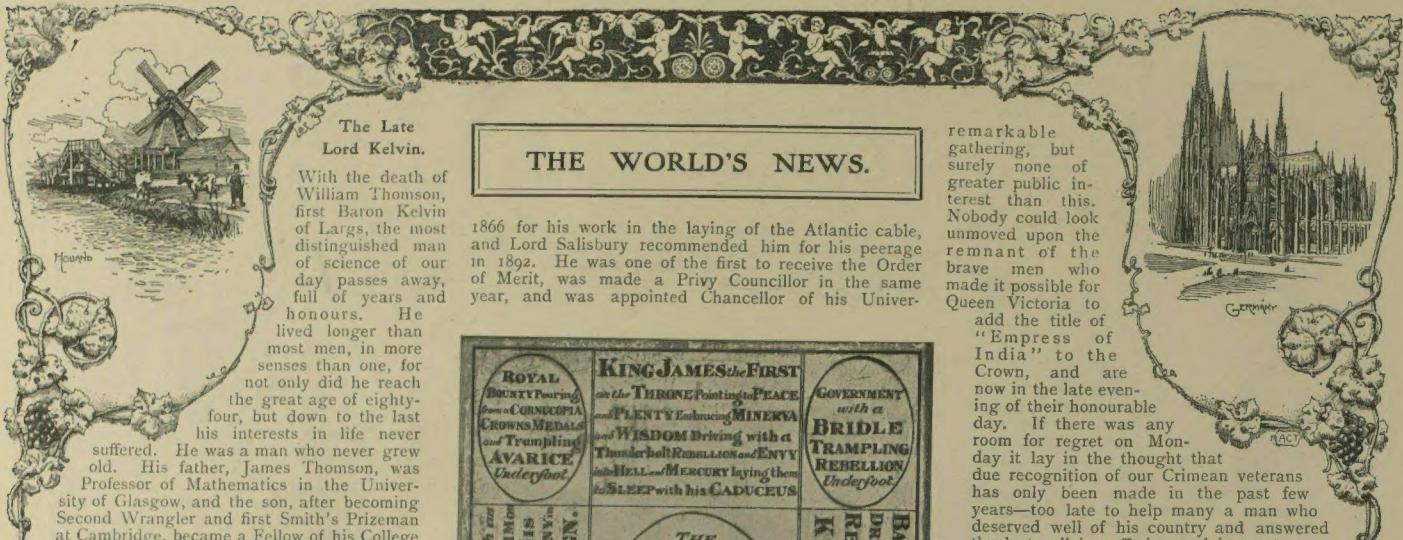
A COMPENDIUM OF COMFORT FOR FISHERMEN IN CANADA.

DRAWN BY H. W. KOEKOEK FROM SKETCHES BY W. G. SKINNER.



CATCHING YOUR DINNER AT YOUR OWN FIRESIDE: FISHING THROUGH THE ICE UNDER SHELTER IN THE BAY OF HAMILTON.

In the winter the fishermen on the great lakes of Canada build little cabins on the ice. In these huts they take up their quarters, and fish through a hole chopped in the ice in the centre of the cabin floor. The fishermen sit close to their little stoves. These men can make quite a good living at a time when they would be frozen out if they did not go into these fishing camps. They can make from four to five dollars a day.

The Late
Lord Kelvin.

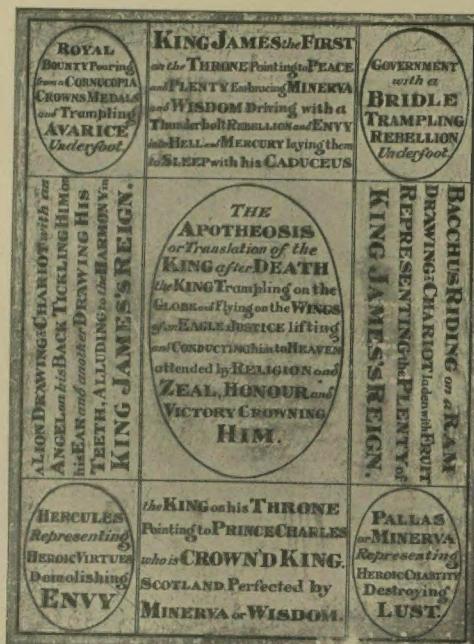
With the death of William Thomson, first Baron Kelvin of Largs, the most distinguished man of science of our day passes away, full of years and honours. He lived longer than most men, in more senses than one, for not only did he reach the great age of eighty-four, but down to the last his interests in life never suffered. He was a man who never grew old. His father, James Thomson, was Professor of Mathematics in the University of Glasgow, and the son, after becoming Second Wrangler and first Smith's Prizeman at Cambridge, became a Fellow of his College (Peterhouse) when he was no more than twenty-one. A year later he was appointed Professor of Natural Philosophy at Glasgow and, at the early age of twenty-seven, the Royal Society, of which he was destined to become President, admitted him to its distinguished circle. He conferred great honour upon Glasgow, where his jubilee as a Professor was celebrated eleven years ago in fashion that showed how keenly men of science throughout the world realised the extent of their indebtedness to him. Perhaps the most remarkable of Lord Kelvin's gifts was his capacity to do everything well. He had as keen a business head as any of the men who have acquired a fortune in the city that was his home. He was a practical inventor who could express his theories in terms of action. It has been said of him that he could discuss pure mathematics with Professor Stokes, or the finances of a Limited Company with its accountant. His inventions cover a wide field, and it seems as though no problem to which he chose to turn his master-mind could remain unsolved for long. And withal the man was supremely modest, devoted to his work, content that it should speak for him. In the domain of Thermo-Dynamics he made a mark that will not be forgotten. As a Director of the Atlantic Telegraph Company his work has left a monument that would have contented any man of ordinary capacity. Among his inventions the electric measuring instruments are highly prized, and his improvements to the marine compass are invaluable. He contributed to the "Encyclopædia Britannica"; his lectures, though they are not models of conciseness, were of immense value to students, and his scientific treatises fill several volumes. He held the D.C.L. from Oxford, and the LL.D. from Cambridge, Dublin, and Edinburgh. He received his knighthood in

1866 for his work in the laying of the Atlantic cable, and Lord Salisbury recommended him for his peerage in 1892. He was one of the first to receive the Order of Merit, was made a Privy Councillor in the same year, and was appointed Chancellor of his Univer-

remarkable gathering, but surely none of greater public interest than this. Nobody could look unmoved upon the remnant of the brave men who made it possible for Queen Victoria to add the title of "Empress of India" to the Crown, and are now in the late evening of their honourable day. If there was any room for regret on Monday it lay in the thought that due recognition of our Crimean veterans has only been made in the past few years—too late to help many a man who deserved well of his country and answered the last call in suffering and in want.

A Christmas Present
to the Nation.

At time of writing it would appear that London is about to receive a very handsome Christmas present, nothing less than Crosby Hall, whose fate has hung so long in the balance. The Board of Trade has come to the aid of the Preservation Committee with a suggestion that the historic building should be used to hold the Commercial Library that is now hidden away in the vaults of the Foreign Office, and that the Commercial Intelligence Department, now housed in Basinghall Street, should transfer its activities to Bishopsgate. To make matters better the County Council recently rescinded the resolution which forbade its Committee to incur capital expenditure, or even to add to the rates, in order to save the Hall. As far as can be seen, the Board of Trade seems disposed to take a lease of Crosby Hall, and this would, of course, serve all purposes, because the Commercial Library would be open to the public. At the same time, the amount of £60,000 which has been collected by the Preservation Committee may not serve to do all that is required, and at present the County Council is looking to the City Corporation to co-operate in providing capital, because an amendment has been passed reinstating the old provision against adding to the rates. Now the future of the Hall rests in the hands of the Corporation, the London County Council, the Preservation Committee, the Board of Trade and the Bank, and nobody quite knows how these bodies are going to deal with the matter. But grave dissatisfaction will be felt by the public if any eleventh hour developments lead to the destruction of a building the nation desires to preserve. We hope and believe that events will justify the title of this note.

THE CONTEMPORARY KEY TO THE ALLEGORICAL PAINTINGS
ON THE CEILING OF WHITEHALL BANQUETING HOUSE.

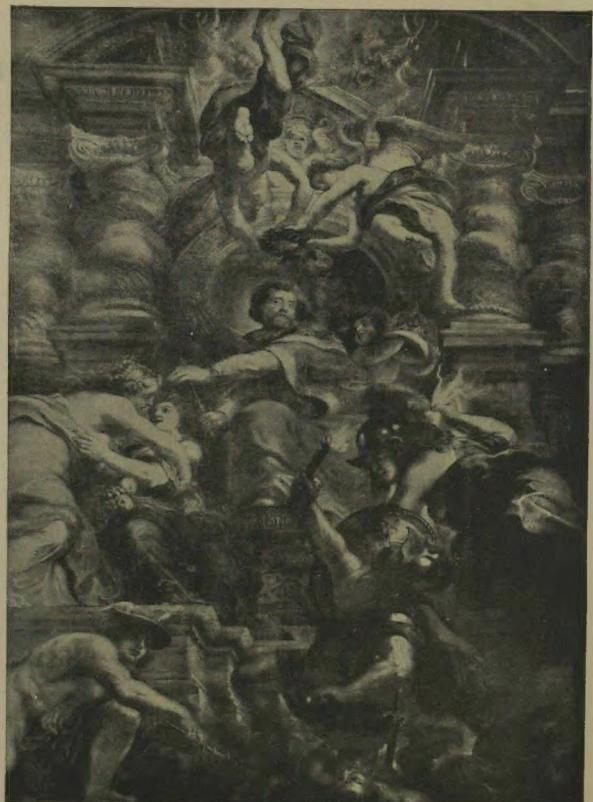
The Whitehall banqueting house, built by Inigo Jones for James I, and memorable as the scene of the execution of Charles I, is now the Museum of the Royal United Service Institution. The wonderful ceiling by Rubens has just been restored, and the building is reopened to the public.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BOLAS.

sity in succession to the Earl of Stair. In short, it may be said that he did sufficient work to fill half-a-dozen distinguished lives. Lord Kelvin was twice married, first to a daughter of Mr. Walter Crum, of Thornliebank, and, secondly, to Frances Anna, daughter of Mr. Charles Blandy, of Madeira. There were no children of either marriage.

On Monday night last
The Mutiny
Veterans.

On Monday night last the *Daily Telegraph* gave a Christmas dinner at the Albert Hall to the veteran survivors of the Indian Mutiny. The work of finding ex-soldiers to celebrate the jubilee of 1857 was exceedingly arduous, involving prolonged correspondence and searching inquiry. Two hundred and fifty officers and about 2550 non-commissioned officers and men were on the lists submitted to the War Office, but many of the names sent in were of warriors who are no longer in the land of the living, and hundred of applicants sent names without address or means of identification. The programme of procedure, as arranged in the beginning of the month, provided for the arrival of the veterans at the Albert Hall by half-past twelve, and for their inspection at 1 p.m. by Field-Marshal Earl Roberts. Dinner was timed for 1.30, and it was arranged that grace should be said by the King's Honorary Chaplain, the Rev. E. A. Williams. Lord Roberts was asked to propose the toast of "The King," and Lord Curzon of Kedleston, ex-Viceroy of India, made the speech of the day. Then the "Last Post" was sounded in honour of the dead, and Kipling's "Recessional" and "Auld Lang Syne" were sung. The King has taken a great interest in the *Daily Telegraph's* timely and public-spirited enterprise, and expressed a wish that levée-dress should be worn by all officers who could wear it conveniently. Officers and men were also instructed to display all their decorations and medals. The Albert Hall has witnessed many a



A PANEL FROM THE RUBENS CEILING IN WHITEHALL.

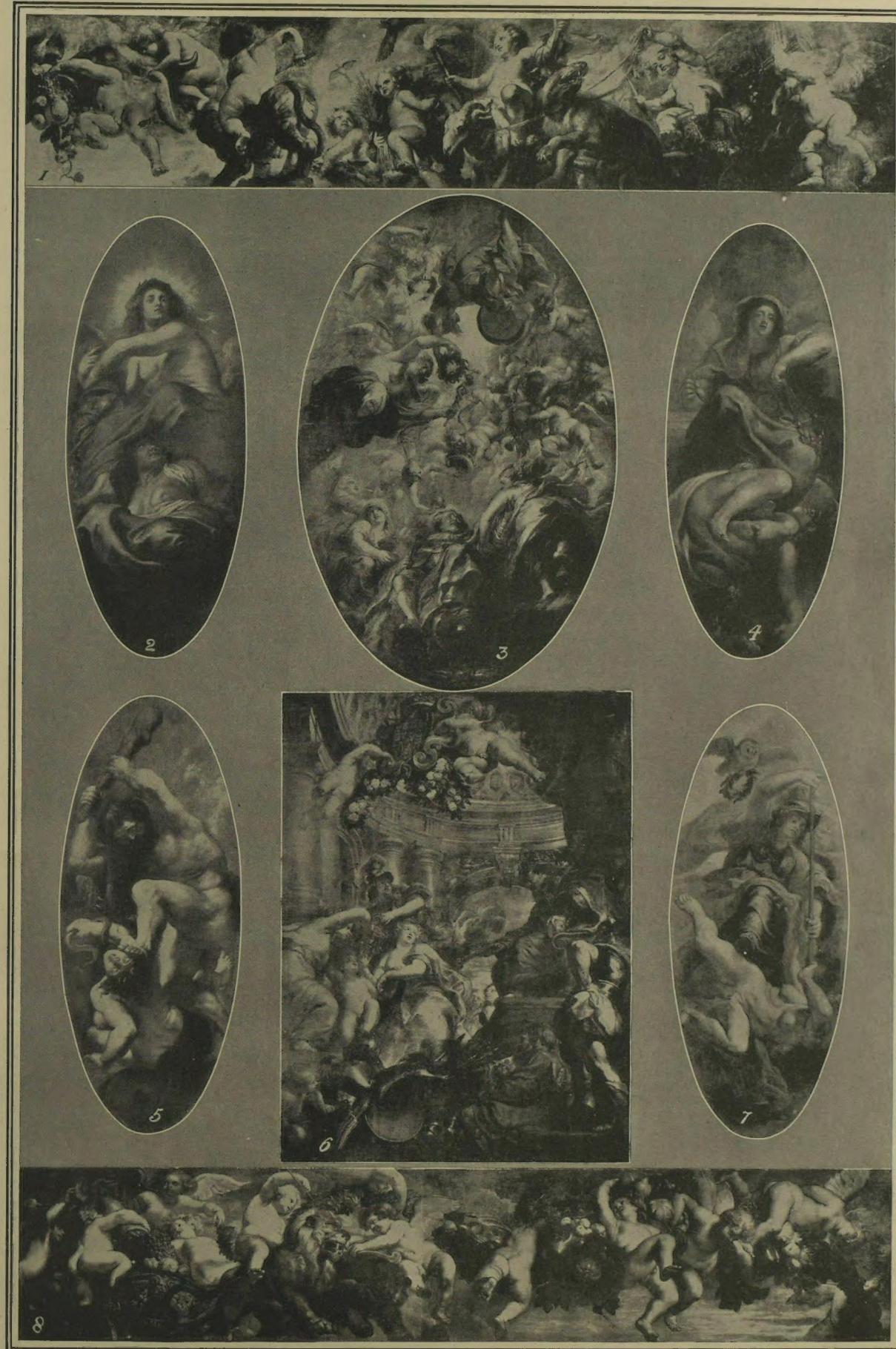
King James I on the throne pointing to Peace and Plenty embracing Minerva. Wisdom driving with a thunderbolt Rebellion and Envy into Hell, and Mercury laying them to sleep with his Caduceus.



THE RUBENS CEILING IN WHITEHALL BANQUETING HOUSE: THE ARRANGEMENT OF THE PANELS.

FROM AN OLD ENGRAVING.

RUBENS' CEILING RESTORED IN WHITEHALL BANQUETING HOUSE.



1. BACCHUS RIDING ON A RAM DRAWING A CHARIOT LADEN WITH FRUIT, REPRESENTING THE PLENTY OF KING JAMES'S REIGN.
2. ROYAL BOUNTY POURING FROM A CORNUCOPIA CROWNS AND MEDALS, AND TRAMPLES Avarice UNDER FOOT.
3. THE APOTHEOSIS, OR TRANSLATION OF THE KING AFTER DEATH. THE KING TRAMPLES ON THE GLORE AND FLYING ON THE WINGS OF AN EAGLE. JUSTICE

LIFTING AND CONDUCTING HIM TO HEAVEN, ATTENDED BY RELIGION; AND ZEAL, HONOUR, AND VICTORY CROWNING HIM.

4. GOVERNMENT, WITH A BRIDLE, TRAMPLES REBELLION UNDER FOOT.
5. HERCULES, REPRESENTING HEROIC VIRTUES, DEMOLISHING ENVY.

6. THE KING ON HIS THRONE POINTING TO PRINCE CHARLES, WHO IS CROWNED KING. SCOTLAND PERFECTED BY MINERVA OR WISDOM.
7. PALLAS OR MINERVA, REPRESENTING HEROIC CHASTITY, DESTROYING LUST.
8. THE LION DRAWING A CHARIOT, WITH AN ANGEL ON HIS BACK TICKLING HIM ON HIS EAR AND ANOTHER DRAWING HIS TEETH. ALLUDING TO THE HARMONY IN KING JAMES'S REIGN.

THOSE WHOM CHRISTMAS DAY DOES NOT CHARM.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.

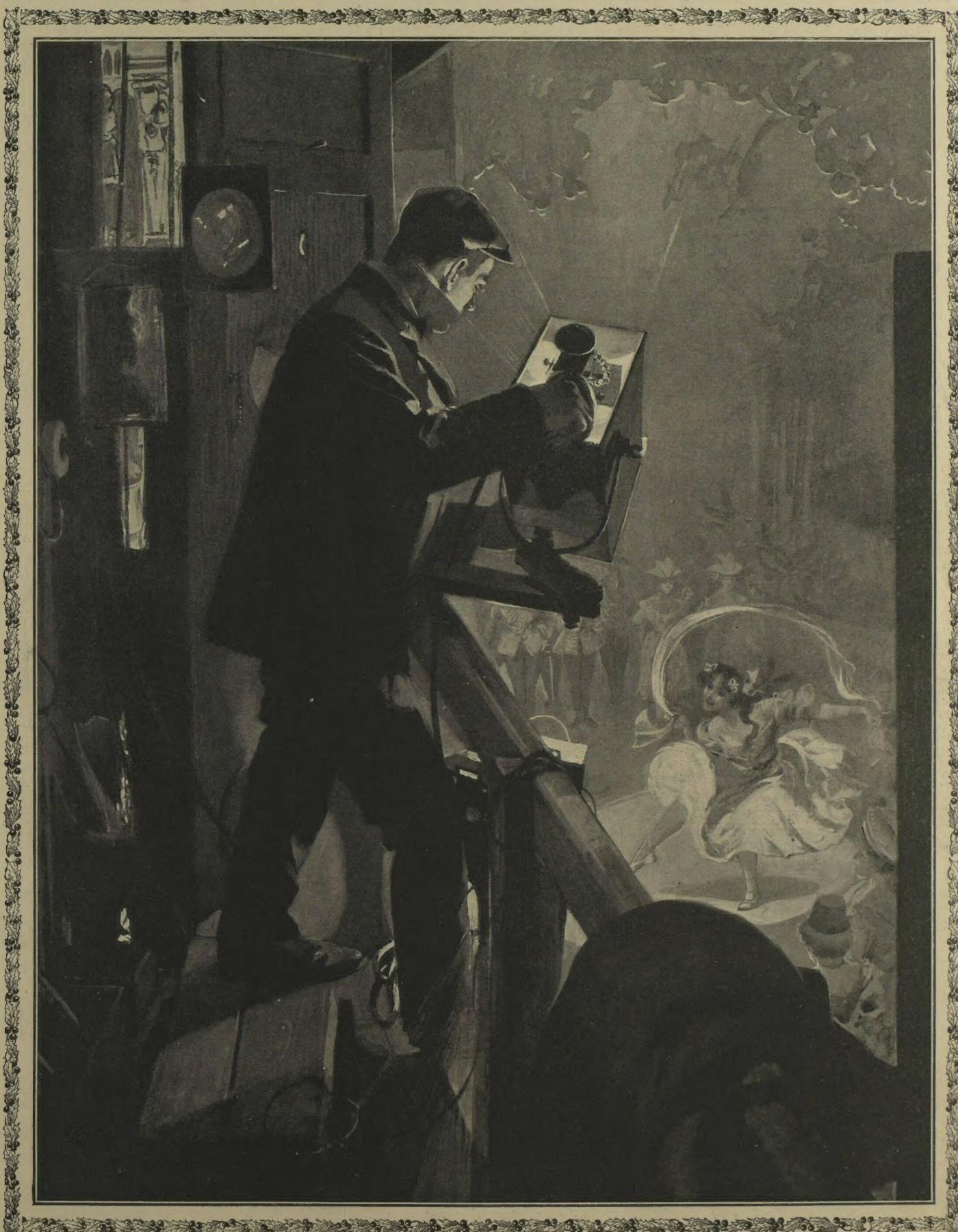


NO MEET ON CHRISTMAS DAY: ENTHUSIASTIC HUNTING-MEN DISCONSOLATE.

There is hunting on Boxing Day if the weather permits, but not on Christmas Day; and the feast passes tediously for the most enthusiastic disciples of Nimrod. Not even good country cheer can atone for the lack of sport.

ONE WHOM THE PANTOMIME DOES NOT CHARM.

DRAWN BY H. H. FLÈRE.



THE ARDUOUS LABOURS OF THE LIME-LIGHT MAN.

The official of the theatre who turns on the wonderful effects of light and colour in the pantomime scenes sees very little fairyland in the performance. In his case custom blunts sensibility, and what is romance to the audience is to him serious routine.

AT THE SIGN OF ST. PAUL'S:

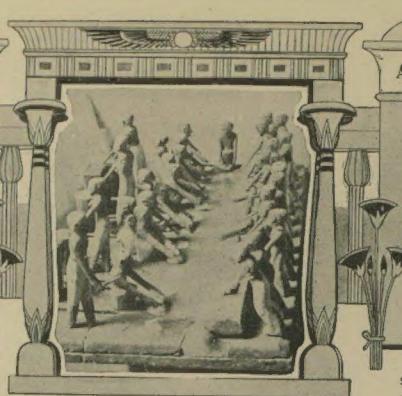
THE GREAT SPHINX & THE PYRAMID OF KHOOPS
GIZEH — EGYPT.

CHRISTMAS again! It is not so easy as the irresponsible, indolent reader may think to say something new and true about Christmas. Had my first love in the way of a newspaper and I been true to each other, I should now have written some thirty leading articles about the festive season.

Who does the Christmas article now, I wonder, in that newspaper which was founded by Charles Dickens? Probably Dickens did the very first "Christmas leader" himself; he was very capable of having it happen to him. Indeed one way of doing it was the Dickensy way, peace and plum-pudding, and punch and goodwill to men, and a good way it was, while it lasted. But to imitate the manner now would justly provoke the derision of young literary lions, whose Christmas fare, I suppose, is absinthe and cigarettes.

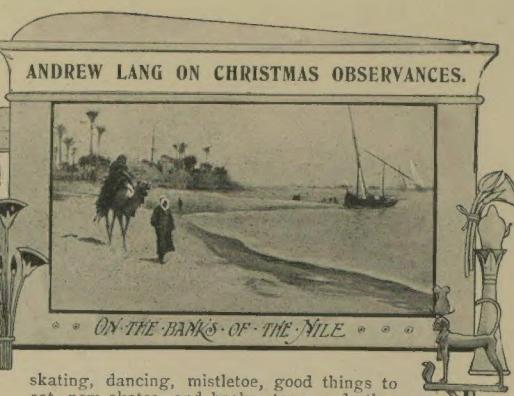
However, Mr. Marion Crawford in "The Little City of Hope" has repeated the performance *à la Dickens* exactly: a poor inventor whose machine refuses to work, whose cupboard is bare, whose wife is in Europe, whose little son has sold his skates, whose balance is overdrawn, finds that on Christmas Eve the machine deigns to work, the cupboard holds a turkey, the balance has been restored to its equilibrium, the skates are replaced, and the wife and mother unexpectedly returns to her dear ones. The boy, at all events, is a very nice boy, a brick of a boy, and well deserves his turkey. Punch seems not to be an element in the rejoicings.

Scotland, within whose unconquered frontier I find myself, is not a very Christmassy country. The early fathers of the Kirk, hating plum-pudding as Popish, and mince-pies as meat offered to idols, made Christmas a day of stern business, and when they felt especially protestant, made it a fast day. The existing fast days are occasions on which the populace of one town goes and paints another town red, to use a modern idiom. But on the old fast days the elders went about and inspected the larders and kitchens of the citizens to make sure that there was no meat in them. Christmas and Easter Day were their *jours maigres*, and on Christmas Day nobody went to church. Things are becoming rather more Christian and much more festive: presents are given, plum-pudding and mince-pies are consumed, but New Year's Day is still a



ANCIENT EGYPTIAN BAKERS AT WORK: A QUAIN GROUP FROM THE TOMBS OF THE ELEVENTH DYNASTY, DEIR EL BAHARI

The illustration is taken by permission from the twenty-eighth Memoir of the Egypt Exploration Fund.
(See Description on Another Page.)



ON THE BANKS OF THE NILE

skating, dancing, mistletoe, good things to eat, new skates, and books, toys, and other delights, and we, all remember how really delightful they used to be.

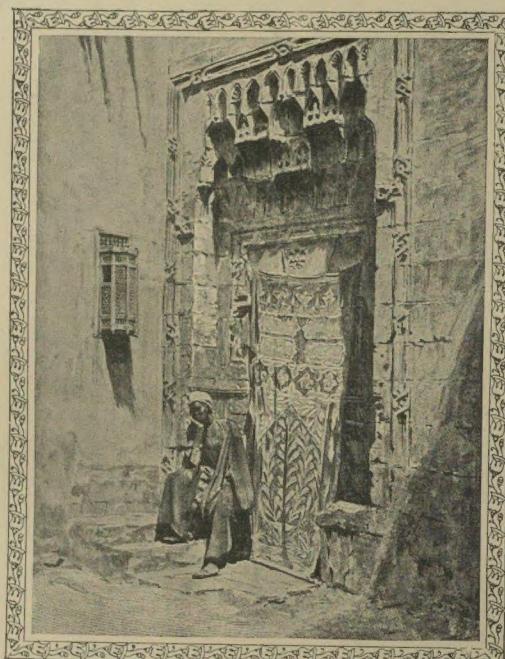
A mild Christmas, if you did not hunt, was certainly not half a Christmas. There was not much to do when there was no snow and no ice on the lochs and rivers, and, of course, no possibility of fishing. Football was almost the only alleviation of a damp Christmastide in the country, if a boy was deaf to the advice of Horace and "spurned dances."

There must be a great deal of exuberance left in human nature if the public buys, as it obviously does, all the Christmas numbers that appear to us with their gorgeous covers and uncounted pictures. In the palaeocrystalline age when I was a boy, Dickens's Christmas Numbers of *All the Year Round* had the market to themselves. They contained no pictures, but how good the reading was, in "Mrs. Lirriper's Lodgers" (or was it "Lodgings"?) and the rest of them! Now it must be hard to find any Christmas literary novelties. Exhausted authors think out strange places wherein to make their heroes and heroines spend Christmas. In an air-ship, in the Tube; accidentally locked up in the London Library; in a submarine, and so forth, are notions that readily occur.

I would throw my two young people together, on Christmas Eve, in quite a new place. You can cross the sands from the coast to Holy Island, on foot, or in a dog-cart, and you are guided by a long row of poles, marking the ford. "Let, then" (as Euclid persuasively says) the pair meet when wind and tide have made the ford impossible. They must bivouac in one or other of the little roofed-in perches high above the water, and, as the hero has saved the heroine's life, of course, and carried her into this asylum, before the dawn scatters the winter roses of Christmas Day over the northern sea, they must have cleared up all their differences and be ready to go to church together.

Like Mr. Jingle, I would not presume to dictate, but if any hesitating purchaser wants to give a good child a Christmas present, I would suggest "Cautionary Tales for Children," by "H. B." and "B. T. B."

The nicest child I ever knew
Was Charles Augustus Fortescue.



THE GUARDIAN OF THE HAREM, THE SLEEPING CHAMBERLAIN.

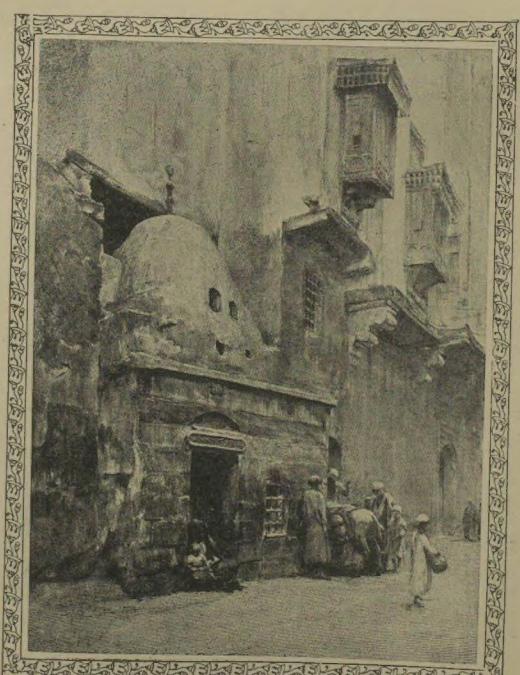
The artist found the owner of this harem very good-natured, and he agreed to let him draw the house during the hottest hours of the day, until the ladies should be ready to "smell the air." The guardian of the harem was persuaded to pose upon the doorstep, where he fell fast asleep. He complained of the heat, and required the artist's servant to hold an umbrella over him.

BEAUTIFUL OLD CAIRO THREATENED
BY THE MODERN BUILDER.

Cairo is being rapidly modernised, and a great deal of the beautiful old architecture is disappearing before the modern builder. The illustrations on this page are from a book which preserves some of the most charming scenes in the ancient city. It contains sixty drawings in colour by W. Tyndale, who has also written the descriptive text. The reproductions are made by permission of the publisher, Mr. William Heinemann.

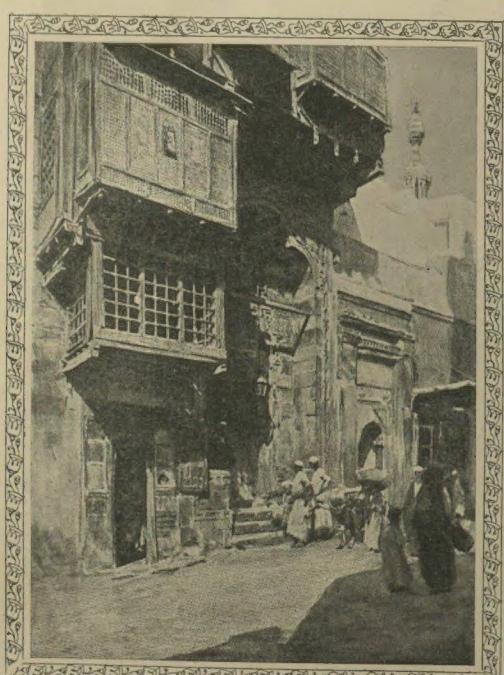
more popular festival. All people, everywhere, have had a time of rejoicing about the date of our Christmas. I forget whether or not the Roman *Saturnalia* and the Persian *Sacaea*, and other feasts of Unreason fell at about the date of the Christmas holidays; but, at all events, they were of a Christmas spirit, with dancing and derry and making of presents and taking quite enough to drink.

Perhaps elderly Romans and Persians thought "good sport, would it were over!" and were not sorry when the fun was ended. The time comes when—but no; I shall not desolate the cheerful season by dwelling on the sad side of the sentiment of the time. The jolly, happy side still turns its kind face on children and young people: the aspect of holidays, plays, pantomimes, snowballing,



A SHEIKH'S TOMB IN CAIRO.

The colouring of this old corner of Cairo is peculiarly rich and charming, and the artist has found in it the material for one of the most perfect studies in the book. The tomb itself is a faint rose colour. It is fortunate that the vanishing beauties of Cairo should be recorded as they are in Mr. Tyndale's superb volume.



A SHEIKH'S HOUSE FROM WHICH THE MUEZZIN CALLS TO PRAYER.
When the artist was making this drawing in the Nahassin, Cairo, he was surprised to see a Muezzin appear at the lattice window to announce the hour of prayer. He discovered that a mosque and the Sheikhs' house were built closely together, and the Muezzin had to shout from the Sheikhs' bedroom window.

A PRINCESS'S PHOTOGRAPHS OF A ROYAL SPIRIT OF MISCHIEF.

SUPPLIED BY M. CHUSSEAU-FLAVIENS.



THE Crown Princess of Roumania is the daughter of the late Duke of Edinburgh. She is an enthusiastic amateur photographer, and is never so happy as when she is photographing her children. Of these she has made her most successful studies, and little Prince Nicholas was even allowed to persevere in mischief until the three amusing photographs on this page were taken. Prince Nicholas had got hold of some painter's material on the peristyle of the Palace, and it at once occurred to him that the white columns would look very much better if he added some colour to them. So he laboriously mixed the paint, sending deplorable cataracts

of pigment down the stylobate; then he fell to work with a huge brush, and made the most delightful havoc. He toiled till the stonework recalled that of Christ Church on a famous occasion when the Bullingdon Club literally painted Tom Quad red, and expressed its disapproval of the Head of the House in an inscription that extended from the Dean's door to the Cathedral gate. The eldest son of the Crown Prince of Roumania is Prince Carol, who is most enthusiastic in military affairs and in sport. He already drills a company of the Guard, and is a daring cyclist. The children of the Crown Prince are Prince Carol, Princess Elizabeth, Princess Marie, and Prince Nicholas.



1. THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF THE CROWN PRINCESS OF ROUMANIA.—[PHOTO. WALTER BARNETT.]
 2. PRINCE NICHOLAS MIXES HIS COLOURS.
 3. PRINCE NICHOLAS PREPARES TO PAINT
 4. PALACE DECORATION EXTRAORDINARY: PRINCE NICHOLAS PAINTS
 5. THE CROWN PRINCESS AND HER DAUGHTERS.
 6. PRINCE CAROL, THE CROWN PRINCE'S ELDEST SON, ON HIS BICYCLE.

Photographs Nos. 2, 3, 4, and 6 are by the Crown Princess of Roumania; No. 5 by Prince Carol.

THE BIRDS' CHRISTMAS-TREE. A BLACK NAPOLEON, AND THE CURIOUS LAUNCH OF A SUBMARINE.



Photo. Weller.
THE BIRDS' CHRISTMAS-TREE: THE PRETTY SCANDINAVIAN CUSTOM
OF THE SPARE SHEAF.

At Christmas time at every Scandinavian homestead, sheaves of corn are set upon poles for the benefit of the birds.



Photo. Mrs. Simpson.
A BLACK NAPOLEON: DINIZULU AND HIS SUITE, PRISONERS
AT ST. HELENA.

The photograph was taken in April 1895, during Dinizulu's captivity on St. Helena. He was then twenty-five years of age.



THE SUBMARINE, BUOYED WITH GREAT CAISONS TO SUPPORT HER,
LEAVING THE SLIP IN THE BUILDING-SHED.



A
BACK VIEW
SHOWING
THE
SUPPORTING
CAISONS.



Photo. Bulla.
LAUNCHED INSIDE HIS VESSEL: THE AMERICAN BUILDER EMERGING
FROM THE CONNING-TOWER.

LAUNCHED THROUGH THE ICE: THE CURIOUS FLOATING OF A RUSSIAN SUBMARINE.

The launch was very curious. The boat was fastened to huge caissons, to give it buoyancy, and after it was submerged it gradually rose, breaking the ice. The launch was carried out at an exceptionally low tide. The American who built the submarine was inside the vessel when it took the water. When it had risen to the surface he emerged from the conning-tower.

CHRISTMAS ON SUMMER SEAS: YULETIDE ON BOARD A LINER IN THE TROPICS.

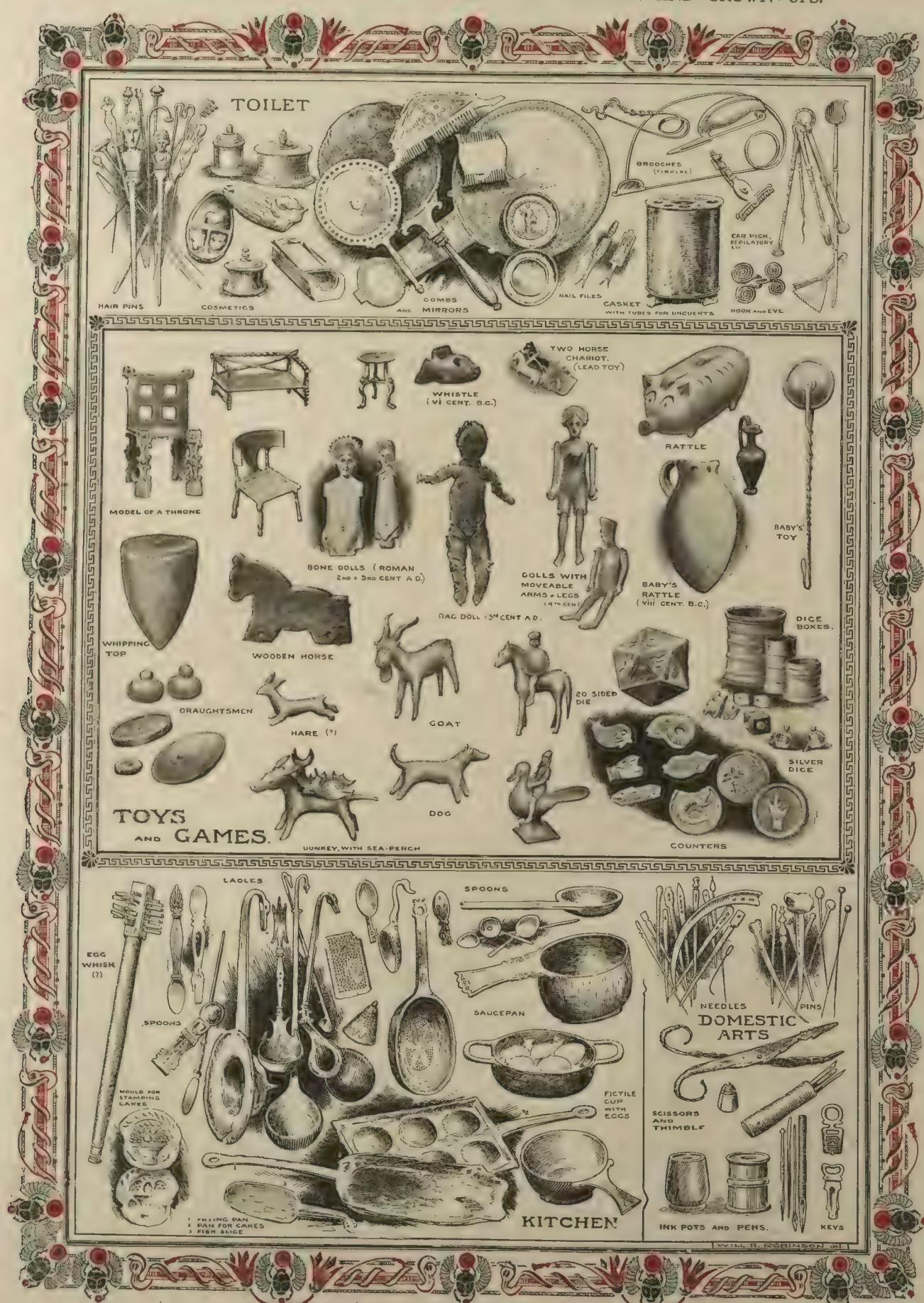
DRAWN BY EDWARD CUCUEL.



MERRY BUT NOWISE FROSTY: HOW CHRISTMAS IS KEPT ON BOARD A GREAT LINER IN EASTERN SEAS.

A tropical Christmas on board ship is an experience as novel as it is delightful. None of the observances are forgotten; but instead of close-drawn curtains, great fires, and the atmosphere of cosiness we associate with Yuletide at home, there is the glory of the warm tropical night and all the feeling of a summer fête.

WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN CHRISTMAS GIFTS BEFORE SANTA CLAUS:
TWENTY-CENTURIES-OLD KNICKNACKS FOR CHILDREN AND GROWN-UPS.



TOYS AND HOUSEHOLD UTENSILS OF ANCIENT GREECE AND ROME.

A most interesting exhibit added recently to the British Museum contains toys and household utensils of ancient Greece and Rome. It is curious to note how very closely they resemble things still in use for similar purposes. Nearly everything could be paralleled in our own Christmas bazaars. Some of the objects date from the eighth century B.C.

DRAWINGS BY W. B. ROBINSON FROM EXHIBITS IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

A CHANGE FROM THE PLUM - PUDDING:
WEIRD DISHES FOR FESTIVE EPICURES.



1. THE CICADA, EATEN WITH CRUSHED DATES IN CENTRAL AFRICA.
2. WOOD-BORING CATERPILLAR DUG OUT OF TREES BY AUSTRALIAN ABORIGINES, AND EATEN AT ONCE WITHOUT COOKING.
3. CATERPILLAR USED BY CHINESE FOR SOUP. THE TWO LONG TAILS ARE A FUNGOID GROWTH.

4. THE LOCUST, FOR LOCUST CAKES, POPULAR WITH BUSHMEN.
5. THE AUSTRALIAN SEA-SLUG.
6. A BUTTERFLY EATEN BY AUSTRALIAN NATIVES.
7. SHARK'S FIN.
8. (TOP) A CRICKET EATEN BY THE GREEKS. (BOTTOM) A PRIONUS BEETLE EATEN BY THE ROMANS.

9. AN EDIBLE SNAIL.
10. KANGAROO-TAILS
11. (TOP) COMMON HUMBLE-BEE, DIVIDED AND SUCKED BY COUNTRY SCHOOL-CHILDREN FOR THE HONEY. (BOTTOM) COMMON COCKCHAFER, RECOMMENDED AS A DISH BY FRENCH MEN OF SCIENCE.



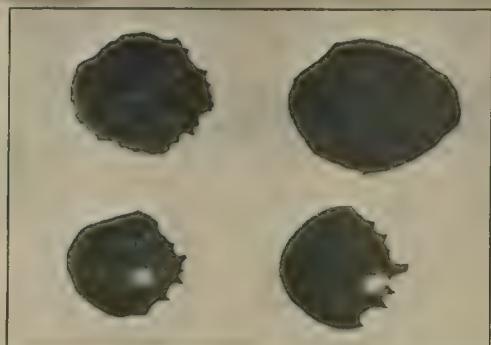
SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

SCIENCE AND CHRISTMAS.

CHRISTMAS-tide, by common consent, is the season of peace and goodwill. Then it is that humanity unbends and temporarily throws much of its conventionality and constraint to the winds and thinks for a season a little more keenly of the wants of others. It may, after all, be only a transient altruism which affects us at Christmas-time, but there are few who will deny that we are not the better of even this passing display of heed for our fellow-men. I have often thought the scientist has been singularly neglected amid the universal congratulations which abound at this season. Of all men's works, his are the labours that make for the good of mankind, but his claims to our gratitude are usually overlooked in a fashion both strange and inexplicable. The victories of peace, we are assured, are no less important, but much more to our credit, than those of war; therefore it is that the triumphs of science, which unquestionably represent peaceful victories over ignorance, prejudice, and the difficulties of time and space, should be acclaimed by mankind, and especially at a season when division and strife are lulled into somnolence and the brotherhood of man is elevated into an article of practical effect in our social creed.

There has been an oft-quoted expression to the effect that soap is a great civiliser. Doubtless, the remark is true; for when men begin to reverence less the sanctity of dirt and to worship cleanliness more ardently, improvement of a moral kind follows on the physical rout of dirt. Surely more powerfully than soap does science civilise nations, and as soap is itself a scientific product, the greater here may well include the less. What science has accomplished in breaking down the bounds and fences which national prejudice erected of old between the peoples of the world, is easily to be estimated. To know each other, and inevitably to discover that mankind is very much alike everywhere, that they share much the same hopes and indulge in much the same aspirations, are things which represent some of the fruits of scientific enterprise, even in the way of rendering free and easy communication possible between different countries and races. To day we no longer despise our neighbours because they are, as we were wont to believe, less enterprising and less civilised than ourselves. We have seen Japan, for example, advance to the position of a first-rate Power, and her rise has been founded on that quick, alert appreciation of science which her sons exhibited when they carried to the East the practical lessons they had been taught in the West. These things represent the first fruits of the spread of scientific research. Give them time, and they will remodel the whole world.

If a cynic is tempted to remind us at this season of peace that science has not



SEEDS THAT RESEMBLE BEETLES.

Many tropical seeds, especially those belonging to the genus *Chelonospermum*, are wonderfully like beetles.

NATURE'S FIRESIDE PUZZLES: PLANTS THAT MASQUERADE AS BEETLES, STONES, AND OTHER PLANTS.



NOT STONES BUT PLANTS: THE MESEMBRYANTHEMUM TRUNCATUM.

The *meSEMBryanthemum truncatum*, an African plant, is hardly to be distinguished from stones.

The photographs, which are by Mr. Leonard Bastin, form another chapter in our studies of nature-mimicry. Our readers will remember Dr. Dixey's pictures of the membracid that disguised itself as a leaf-carrying ant. Here the plants are the mimics. A further account will be found on another page.



WHICH IS WHICH? THE EXTRAORDINARY RESEMBLANCE BETWEEN THE STINGING-NETTLE AND HARMLESS WOOD-BETONY.

The plants from left to right are: stinging-nettle, harmless wood-betony, and the same repeated in the same order.



WHICH IS WHICH? STINGING-NETTLE OR WHITE DEAD-NETTLE?

From left to right the plants are: stinging-nettle, dead-nettle, dead-nettle, stinging-nettle, dead-nettle.



ANOTHER NATURE PUZZLE: THE RESEMBLANCE BETWEEN THE MINT AND THE BROOK-LIME.

The plants from left to right are: brook-lime, mint, brook-lime, mint, and so on in the same order.



confined her search to peaceful arts, but has also fostered the instincts of the dogs of war. I should reply that to keep the peace and save destruction of life, it is occasionally necessary to pull somebody's nose. This world not being socially and morally a perfect orb, we have to fight, or at least to deal with people who, if not criminal in disposition, are at least weak, foolish, and often irrational in their intents. When total disarmament comes, there will be a relegation of the chemistry of explosives to the limbo reserved for chemical curiosities; till that era arrives we shall best serve the welfare of the world and terrify the cosmical bullies who threaten peace by keeping our powder dry. That which Christmas does for us is to deepen our aspirations after peace, and to forward the time when spears shall be beaten into pruning-hooks and man shall know war no more.

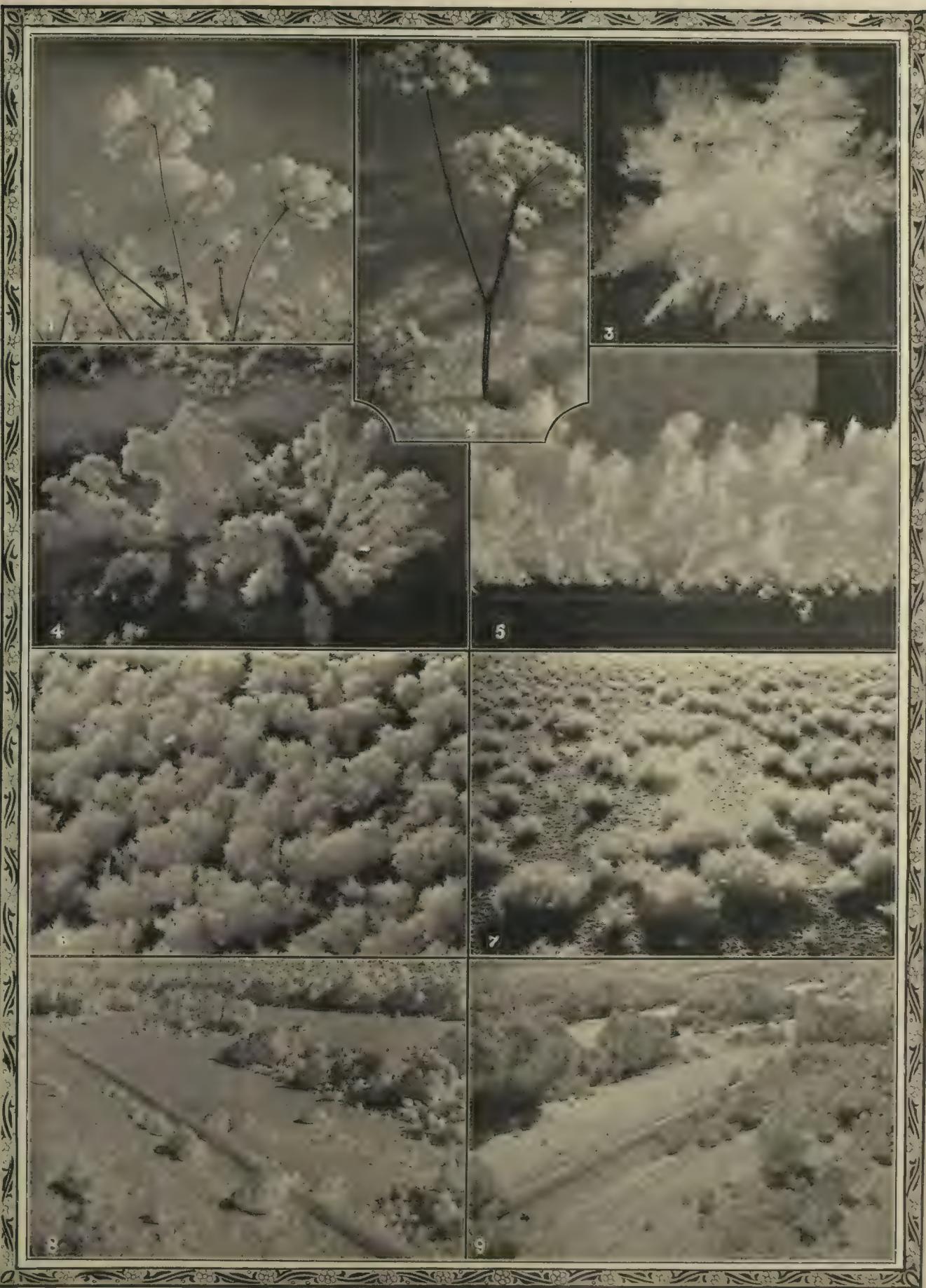
Nearer home, science is doing much to make life healthier, and therefore happier, and so again we should think of her efforts in this direction at the present season of the year. If a nation's health is a nation's wealth, as Benjamin Franklin long ago declared it to be, then to science of sanitary kind must be credited the work and labour of endeavouring to make us all rich indeed. If ever a figure deserved to be notably represented in a Christmas pageant, of a surety it is that of the beautiful Goddess Hygeia.

Pandora's box let loose on the earth a flood of misery mingled with a few benefits, I believe, but from the fount of the health-giving goddess there flows nothing save healing grace. No mythical St. George ever fought and conquered an entity with half the vigour that the dragon of disease is being attacked and vanquished by the sword of sanitation. Literally, the dark places of our cities are being made light, and the people that go to perish from lack of knowledge are being rescued from the quagmire of disease and their feet set on firm places. If we cast a grateful thought at Christmas-tide toward any department of human endeavour, then, in the name of bare justice, let us recognise and be thankful for all that Hygeia is doing for us through her loyal instruments, the doctor, the nurse, the sanitary inspector, the district visitor, and even the policeman, who represents in his person the physical embodiment of the laws of health.

Social science also deserves a kindly remembrance at this season. We are working out grave problems of work bearing in its essence on the goodwill which the present season illustrates. There is the question of the submerged tenth, for example, and there is the problem of the poor. May a deeper and a wider sense of individual effort and parental responsibility enforce to-day the lesson of science of the blessing and effectiveness of self-help!

ANDREW WILSON.

FROST AND SNOW AS FLORIST AND LANDSCAPE GARDENER.



1. WINTER BLOSSOMS: BEAUTIFUL EFFECTS OF HOAR-FROST.
2. HOAR-FROST ON OLD DEAD HEMLOCK.
3. A PERFECT FULL-BLOWN ICE FLOWER.
4. HOAR-FROST ON RUSHES IN THE MIDDLE OF A FROZEN RIVER.

5. HOAR-FROST BUSHES AND TREES ON AN OLD PALING.
6. HOAR-FROST ON THE ROOF OF A CHÂLET BESIDE A RIVER: THESE ARE FORMED BY THE CONGEALED MOISTURE THAT ROSE FROM THE STREAM.

7. ICE FLOWERS TAKEN AGAINST THE SUN IN LATE AFTERNOON.
8. AN ARCTIC LANDSCAPE IN THE GLISSEADE OF AN AVALANCHE.
9. ANOTHER ARCTIC LANDSCAPE IN THE GLISSEADE OF AN AVALANCHE.

Amateur photographers who go to the holiday-resorts in Switzerland will find a new field for their cameras in the beautiful effects of frost and snow which are to be found among the Alps. Leafless stems take a new beauty when they are clothed with blossoms of hoar-frost, and beautiful Arctic landscapes are left by the broken snow in the glissade of avalanches. The photographs here reproduced were taken at St. Moritzdorf.—[PHOTOGRAPHS BY BALLANCE, ST. MORITZDORF.]



DREAMS OF SANTA CLAUS, AND WILLETT'S NEW VIEW OF THE PIXIES.

WHAT COUNTRY HAS THE FAIREST WOMEN? ENGLAND'S ANSWER.

TYPES OF THE WORLD'S BEAUTY.—NO. III.



TYPES OF THE BEAUTIFUL ENGLISH GIRL.

DRAWINGS BY MAX COWPER.

DO YOU BELIEVE IN FAIRIES?

DRAWN BY FRANK HAVILAND.



PETER PAN (MISS PAULINE CHASE) IN THE THRUSH'S-NEST BOAT.

"And that night, the moon being full and all the birds asleep, he did enter his coracle, a thrush's nest, and depart out of the Island; and first, he knew not why, he looked upward, with his hands clasped, and from that moment his eyes were pinned to the West."

CHRISTMAS IN WAX: MODELS OF THE MANGER OF BETHLEHEM.

A CHARMING EXHIBITION OF CHRISTMAS SYMBOLISM.



1. THE ADORATION OF THE WISE MEN.

2. THE STABLE IN BETHLEHEM.

3. THE ADORATION OF THE WISE MEN: NEAPOLITAN WORK.

4. THE ADORATION OF THE KINGS.

The Munich Museum possesses a most wonderful collection of wax figures and groups, for which there is a special hall. A citizen of Munich, Herr Max Schmederer, gave six thousand figures and groups towards the collection; two thousand of which are Bavarian. He also discovered that this art flourished greatly in Italy in the eighteenth century, and had its counterpart in Northern Europe in the manufacture of porcelain. The making of wax figures was, however, popular in Bavaria. Here it was done naively; whereas in Italy it was a finished art.

CHRISTMAS IN WAX: MODELS OF THE MANGER OF BETHLEHEM.

A CHARMING EXHIBITION OF CHRISTMAS SYMBOLISM.



1. THE ADORATION OF THE SHEPHERDS.

2. THE ADORATION OF THE SHEPHERDS: NEAPOLITAN WAXWORK.

3. THE VIRGIN AND CHILD ENTHRONED: NEAPOLITAN WORK.

4. THE ADORATION OF THE SHEPHERDS, WITH A VIEW OF NAPLES IN THE BACKGROUND: NEAPOLITAN WORK.

The Neapolitan wax figures are dressed realistically, and their heads and hands are made of enamelled terra-cotta. The clothes of the Neapolitan figures are of wonderful material, specially woven, but those from Sicily are stiffly made of wood and painted over. There are in the collection beautiful groups in which many figures of men and women are represented. Among the favourite subjects are the Birth of Christ, the Annunciation, the Adoration of the Kings, the Adoration of the Shepherds, the Flight to Egypt. Almost every topic is treated in various styles, each of which has its own peculiar charm.

FIFTY YEARS AGO AT LUCKNOW: CONTEMPORARY PHOTOGRAPHS.

MUTINY SCENES DISCOVERED IN AN OLD DISPATCH-BOX.



THE BREACH IN THE SECUNDER BAGH WALL, BY WHICH THE BRITISH SOLDIERS ENTERED.

When Sir Colin Campbell's men forced their way into the Secunder Bagh (the Alexander Garden), one cry re-echoed from all sides—"Cawnpore!" The attack was driven home with bullet, sword, and bayonet. No quarter was asked or given.



THE SCENE OF THE MOST FAMOUS LEAGUER OF THE MUTINY: THE GARDEN FRONT OF THE RESIDENCY.

Within the precincts of the Residency the British garrison held out against 100,000 rebels. Lawrence died during the siege. Havelock and Outram entered Lucknow only to be again beleaguered. Campbell's relief force entered on November 22, 1857.



TORN WITH SHELL: THE MAIN BUILDING OF THE RESIDENCY, AND DETAILS OF THE PORTICO.

The Residency was the official building of the Chief Commissioner. It was three storeys high. On the eastern side was a superb portico, and a wide and lofty colonnaded verandah extended along the western front. The ruins are still preserved exactly as they were when this photograph was taken fifty years ago.



WHERE THE UNION JACK WAS KEPT FLYING: THE TOWER AND MAIN BUILDING OF THE RESIDENCY.

The main building of the Residency was the great mark for the enemy's fire. A shell entered Sir Henry Lawrence's room and mortally wounded him. He was removed to Dr. Fayer's house near the Bailey Guard Gate, which was less exposed to shots, and there he died, directing the operations to the last.



MARKS OF THE REBELS' SHOT ON THE BAILEY GUARD GATE, LUCKNOW.

The Bailey Guard Gate of the Lucknow Residency is famous in song and story as the scene of many fierce combats during the long leaguer, of which the fiftieth anniversary is now being celebrated. Lucknow was besieged in July 1857, and was defended by Lawrence until September, when Havelock entered. On November 22 Campbell again relieved the garrison of the Residency. In March 1858, he captured the city.



THE BAILEY GUARD GATE, LUCKNOW, AS THE REBELS LEFT IT.

These most interesting Photographs, taken at the time of the Mutiny, have just been discovered in an old dispatch-box by Lieutenant-Colonel Ranking.

FIFTY YEARS AGO AT CAWNPORE, DELHI, AND LUCKNOW:

CONTEMPORARY MUTINY PHOTOGRAPHS FOUND IN AN OLD DISPATCH-BOX.



CARRIED BY SIR COLIN CAMPBELL AFTER A TWO HOURS' FIGHT:
THE MARTINIÈRE COLLEGE.

The building, which was fortified by the rebels, was built at enormous expense by an eccentric French adventurer named Claude Martin. The building combined every species of architecture, and was decorated with mythological carvings and enormous lions with lamps instead of eyes.



THE KING OF OUDH'S EXTRAORDINARY BOAT AND BATTERED SHIPS
ON THE CHUTTAR MANZIL RIVER FRONT, LUCKNOW.

Note the curious fish-shape of the boat, the tail, the dorsal fin and scales. When the relieving force reached the Chuttar Manzil at midday on the 17th of November, they were within 700 yards of the defenders.



WHERE 2000 SEPOYS FELL: SKULLS OF REBELS IN FRONT OF THE
SECUNDER BAGH GARDEN HOUSE, LUCKNOW.

The Secunder Bagh was a high-walled enclosure about one hundred yards square, with loopholed bastions and angles. In the centre was a two-storeyed house, built by Wajid Ali for one of his ladies, Sikander Mahal. Sir Colin Campbell called the storming of this place "the boldest feat of the relief."



THE BONES OF SEPOYS KILLED IN ACTION BESIDE JOHANNES HOUSE
AT LUCKNOW.

The house was the point from which the Mutineers directed a crushing fire on the Cawnpore battery. It was the scene of a desperate fight with the Sepoys, hundreds of whom were killed. When the photograph was taken, not long after the event, the bones of the dead lay thick upon the ground in silent witness to the carnage.



THE SCENE OF THE FIERCEST FIGHTING BEFORE DELHI: THE GREAT
BREACH IN THE CASHMIR GATE.

The Cashmir Gate was blown up in the teeth of a terrible musketry fire. Lieutenant Salkeld and Sergeant Carmichael both fell in attempting to fire the fuse. Sergeant Burgess then tried and succeeded, but paid for his daring with his life. With a loud crash the gateway was blown in, and the third column rushed to the assault, entering the town simultaneously with the troops who had forced the other breaches.



THE BARRACKS IN WHEELER'S ENTRENCHMENT AT CAWNPORE AFTER
HAVELOCK'S ENTRY: HAVELOCK'S MEN IN FOREGROUND.

Under withering cross-fire, Sir Henry Wheeler held this position from June 5 to June 27. When the relief force entered Cawnpore they took the most fearful vengeance on the Sepoys for the massacre of the English women and children. They put every Sepoy they could find to the sword, and made them lick the dry blood from the floor of the house where the massacre took place.

AN ALMANACK FROM LIFE: WONDERFUL PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDIES.

BORDER PHOTOGRAPHS BY S. EWIN NEAMES; CENTRAL FIGURE BY BASSANO



HOW THE DAYS RUN IN THE FIRST QUARTER OF 1908.

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A COURT-MARTIAL IN A CLUB-HOUSE: GENERAL STOESSEL'S TRIAL.
AN ECHO OF PORT ARTHUR.



1. THE JUDGES AND THE ACCUSED (X) IN THE
GREAT HALL OF THE ARMY AND NAVY CLUB.

2. GENERAL STOESSEL'S ADVOCATE, ALEXANDER SYRTJANOFF,
MEMBER OF THE THIRD DUMA.

3. A GENERAL VIEW OF THE TRIAL,
SHOWING THE SPECTATORS.

The court-martial on Generals Stoessel, Reiss, Fock, and Smirnoff, in connection with the defence and surrender of Port Arthur, opened on the morning of December 10 in the vast hall of the St. Petersburg Army and Navy Club. General Stoessel appeared in muski, but he wore the Order of St. George. The other prisoners were in uniform. General Dukmassoff presides. The prosecutor is General Gursky, and General Stoessel is defended by M. Syrtjanoff, a member of the Duma. Among the witnesses, who number 150, is General Kuropatkin. The officers are charged with illegal conduct, which led to a capitulation dishonourable to a brave garrison and humiliating to Russia. The reading of the indictment lasted for four hours.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BOLAK.

THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

AS motorists, the weather notwithstanding, are certain to be moving per car all over the country during the present holidays, they will require, should the times be such that mark a Dickens Christmas, to take some thought as to their radiators and their water-circulation

the primary convenience of motorists; but after all, motorists contribute equally with, nay, rather more than, others to the cost of such work, and therefore, strange as it may sound in the ear of the motorphobist, esteem themselves entitled to some consideration. Moreover, as the number of self-propelled vehicles will very shortly approach that of the horse-drawn carriages using our roads to-day, the matter is one that presses for instant attention.

After all, the points at which such hedge-lapping is necessary are not very numerous, and occupiers and owners of property where such blinds occur might give permission for the local hedgers and ditchers to do what is necessary

ladies' dresses wantonly and to besmirch decently-attired folk generally, is an offence that deserves the cat, and something approaching that kind of castigation will one of these days befall the pestilent cads who are guilty of this gross offence. Owners who find their chauffeurs driving thoughtlessly at such times, should order them to be more circumspect, and respect the convenience of the public. It is certain that the next Motor Bill will contain an irksome clause with regard to efficient mudguards.

Those handy pocket-books, Charles Letts's Diaries for 1908, maintain the firm's reputation for dainty get-up, finish, and utility. A feature which has conducted in no small degree to the enormous success of these diaries is the patent self-opening memo-tablet. This is a simple contrivance by which the diary always opens at the place in use, whilst memoranda written on the tablet are brought prominently under the eye, and as soon as attended to may easily be removed by a moistened rag or sponge. Another feature of Charles Letts's Diaries is the £1000 accident insurance coupon, first introduced



A MOTOR-CAR PLAYS CANAL-BOAT: A SCENE IN BATH ROAD, MAIDENHEAD.

when their cars are stored in strange garages or left in the open for any length of time. Some time since it was customary to advise a twenty per cent. addition of glycerine to the water in the tank, but it is, after all, hardly worth the trouble and expense. If the car is to be used during the winter time when frosts are to be expected, it is best to see that a good-sized draw-off cock is fitted to the lowest point of the water system in the most accessible position possible, and the whole of the water in the radiator cylinder-jackets and pipes run out before the car is left. Careful note of the run of the pipes should be taken, and the car should be jacked up in such a way that the water does not remain in any bend or pocket.

The late fatal and lamentable accident to Major-General Colvile may perhaps urge the local road authorities here and there to bestir themselves in the pressing matter of hedge-lapping at dangerous junctions and cross-roads. Of a surety opposition will be offered by certain of the prejudiced to any sum of public money, however small, being expended ostensibly for

without further ado. Had such been done in the case cited, a valuable life might have been with us to-day.

The late sloppy weather has again demonstrated the utter lack of consideration shown by a small minority of motor-car drivers towards the public on the footpaths. A man must know that he cannot urge 4 to 5-in. tyres at twenty miles per hour through puddles of water without raising a veritable cascade of filth and drenching the occupants of the side paths when driving near the kerb. To ruin



HORSED AND HORSELESS IN A COMMON DIFFICULTY: TRAFFIC IN BATH ROAD, MAIDENHEAD.

ENGLAND UNDER WATER: CURIOSITIES OF THE RECENT FLOODS IN THE THAMES VALLEY.

by Charles Letts and Co. in 1895. It is interesting to hear that over £8000 has been paid in claims resulting from recent railway and other accidents.

Striking testimony from a Non-Commissioned Officer:—

“BARRACKS,
“DEVONPORT,

“I am grateful to you for the great benefit I have derived from Antipon. It is a marvellous remedy. I was 13 st. 5 lb. before taking the course, and have lost 2 st. 2 lb., and am very fit in consequence. I do not hesitate for a moment to state that this valuable discovery is the only permanent cure for obesity, and an excellent tonic as well.

“(Signed) F.G., Sergt. R.G.A.”

Remarkable tribute from a grateful Yorkshire lady:—

“I am writing to tell you how delighted I am with the result of taking your Antipon. For twenty-five years I have been very stout, and gradually getting worse, until last February, in a sort of desperation, I began taking your medicine on the advice of a friend. Before the first dose I weighed just 14 st. (I am 5 ft. 1 in. in height); now I weigh 10 st. 14 lb. I have had the clothing I wore in February weighed; it was 2½ lb. heavier than what I now wear. Allowing for this difference, I am 52 lb. lighter than I was before taking Antipon. But, better still, I feel so thoroughly set up in health, so strong and well, so very different from the breathless, tired woman I have been of late years. I have spoken of it to many friends, and two ladies I know have commenced the treatment; possibly several others who do not care to admit the fact. It is nearly two months since I left off taking Antipon, and I have not gained an ounce in weight, so I may regard my cure as permanent. I only regret that I suffered more than half my life before hearing of Antipon.”

A Trained Nurse's experience:—

“I have used Antipon in the case of the very fattest woman I have ever nursed. The result has been marvellous. She is getting smaller and beautifully less every day, and the best of it is she is in perfect health now, where before she had all sorts of troubles.”

Hundreds of other Testimonials equally noteworthy are filed for reference at the offices of the Antipon Co.

Antipon is sold in bottles, price 2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d., by Chemists, Stores, etc.; or, in case of difficulty, may be obtained (on remitting amount) carriage paid, in private package, direct from the Sole Manufacturers, The Antipon Company, 13, Olmar Street, London, S.E.

FRESH ASPECTS OF THE ANTIPOON TREATMENT.

From whatever point of view regarded, the famous Antipon treatment for the permanent cure of obesity exhibits merits—proven merits—entirely its own. As a wonderful reducer of superfluous adipose; as a destroyer of the obstinate tendency to excessive fat development; as a tonic of a high order, promoting appetite and assisting digestion and assimilation, Antipon, the pleasant and perfectly harmless liquid, is recognised by all competent authorities as one of the most important contributions to modern science. There are, however, a few fresh aspects of the treatment which it is wise to call attention to.

Pure, rich blood is the very fountain of life and health, and it is useless to try to cure any disease without freeing the vital fluid from effete matter. Now the old-time methods of reducing weight not only impoverished the blood by some drastic dietary regimen, which amounted to partial starvation, but they also resorted to mineral and other injurious drugs, which too often caused chronic dyspepsia, the result being that the blood became poisoned with ill-digested food and uneliminated waste matter, and the whole organism suffered accordingly. Obesity is a disease in itself, but treatments which thus starved and poisoned the system in the way described were worse than the disease.

The Antipon treatment, then, enriches and purifies the vital fluid by wholesome food in plenty, well digested and properly assimilated; also, by toning up the whole system, Antipon has a remarkable tonic action on the skin, which plays a most important part in the elimination of impure or waste matter from the blood. When the millions of pores of the skin are not in a condition to adequately perform their eliminative work, the worst evils may ensue.

Then, again, Antipon removes the superfluous deposits of fatty matter that interfere with the action of the vital organs, and so another danger to life and health is got rid of. The circulation of the blood becomes normal, the lungs have free expansion, and breathing becomes natural, the blood being thus freely supplied with oxygen.

In considering these fresh aspects of the Antipon treatment, it will be seen that increased health, strength, and vitality, and the renewal of mental and physical energy, are essential factors in the cure. That is why Antipon gives entire satisfaction in every case where the simple and pleasant home treatment is conscientiously followed.

To reduce the weight to normal, to regain pre-existing proportions, to recover muscular development, nerve force, and full brain power, while enjoying the rational luxuries of the table, without any irritating dietary restrictions—surely these results make the Antipon treatment a priceless blessing, especially to those who have suffered years of distress and humiliation from the intolerable burden of extreme obesity. And when it is added that the tendency to put on flesh abnormally is eradicated, and that the doses may cease as soon as satisfactory conditions of bulk and form are restored, Antipon may certainly lay claim to be the King of Corpulence Cures. It stands alone—unique—supreme.

The first few doses will prove its remarkable powers, for within a day and a night there is a decrease of 8 oz. to 3 lb., according to the case. The subject also experiences a delightful feeling of buoyancy. After this initial reduction there is a reliable daily diminution until complete and permanent cure.

Thousands of men and women have voluntarily given grateful testimony to the remarkable virtues of Antipon, both as fat-eliminator and tonic, and their letters may be seen at any time at the office of the Antipon Company.

Antipon contains no trace of any but the most harmless vegetable substances, and never has any disagreeable reactionary effects.

Antipon is sold in bottles, price 2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d., by Chemists, Stores, etc.; or, in case of difficulty, may be obtained (on remitting amount) carriage paid, in private package, direct from the Sole Manufacturers, The Antipon Company, 13, Olmar Street, London, S.E.

THE AUTOGRAPHS OF CELEBRITIES.

The collecting of autographs possesses a peculiar charm for very many people. In fact, to all, the calligraphy of notable personages is of more or less interest. In the handwriting, and more particularly in the signature, we trace the individuality, the characteristics of the writer. The distinguishing traits, the living personality itself, seem to stand out clearly revealed on the written page.

A very noteworthy collection is just published by the Sanatogen Co. of the autographs of distinguished men and women of the day. Amongst them are many whose names are household words, and yet their handwriting is no doubt unknown to the majority.

Here we have the signature of Right Rev. the Bishop of Bath and Wells, who signs with a boldness that is characteristic of a great leader:

G.W. Bath & Wells.

The Bishop's signature is attached, as are all in this collection, to a statement displaying a natural desire to impart a beneficial knowledge to others. Writing from the Palace, Wells, Somerset, the Bishop says:—

"You may like to hear that I am informed by my private secretary that a member of his family has derived very remarkable benefit from using Sanatogen."

The signature of Mr. Eden Phillpotts, the well-known writer, will be of equal interest to many. Mr. Phillpotts writes like this:

"Sanatogen appears to be of real value to the brain worker, a useful food and splendid tonic combined. I can give it high praise from personal experience."

(eden Phillpotts)

Versatility and lofty ideals are very apparent in the handwriting of Mr. Cyril Maude:—

"THE PLAYHOUSE,

"NORTHUMBERLAND AVENUE, W.

"I have found Sanatogen quite wonderful. My father also has derived great benefit from it. I often take it now during the performance, when I feel rather done up."

Cyril Maude

Mr. George W. Beldam, the famous cricketer, and distinguished member of the M.C.C., exhibits boldness and the courage of his opinions. This is how Mr. Beldam writes:—

"LORD'S CRICKET GROUND, LONDON, N.W.

"Owing to a nervous breakdown through overwork, I was compelled to give up the idea of first-class cricket last year, when I was ordered by

my physician to take Sanatogen. I have greatly benefited by its use, and I consider it a splendid food for any kind of nervous breakdown."

George W. Beldam

Sir John Hare displays in his signature all the manliness and dignity which distinguish his splendidly-drawn characterisations:

"75, UPPER BERKELEY STREET, W.

"I have found Sanatogen a most valuable tonic and stimulant during a period when I had to work very hard under conditions of great weakness and ill-health. I can heartily recommend it to those working under similarly distressing circumstances."

John Hare

Space forbids mention of the many more very interesting autographs of people eminent in nearly every walk of life and their testimony, contained in the dainty publication issued by the Sanatogen Company under the title of "Autographs of Celebrities." All those interested should write for a copy, which will be forwarded gratis and post free on application to the Sanatogen Company, 83, Upper Thames Street, London, E.C., mentioning "The Illustrated London News." Sanatogen, which is the tonic food remedy used by the Royal Family, is sold by all Chemists.

MONKEY BRAND

is the star
of shining lights.
**IT POLISHES,
IT SHINES,**
AND
puzzles
all to find a
brighter friend.

MAKES COPPER LIKE GOLD,
TIN LIKE SILVER,
PAINT LIKE NEW.



WON'T WASH CLOTHES.

LEVER BROTHERS, LIMITED, PORT SUNLIGHT, ENGLAND.

LADIES' PAGE.

QUITE a full crop of "Mistress and Servant" cases has recently sprung up in the London police courts and county courts at one and the same moment—the daily papers reported three on one day. I am inclined to think that these numerous "tries-on," as a schoolboy would say (for in every case the mistress won the day), were the outcome of an extraordinary decision by Mr. Plowden a few weeks earlier. It has always been held that a servant absenting herself from duty without permission or reasonable excuse thereby immediately forfeited her place and any wages due. This will be found stated as the law in all handbooks on the subject; and most of these manuals cite a really very hard case of a servant who absented herself to visit a dying mother against her mistress's express prohibition, and was held to have forfeited her place thereby. But Mr. Plowden played havoc with this quite old-fashioned notion that discipline may have any place in the household army. In the case which he decided the servant had pleaded feeling illness as an excuse for remaining away for several days, but had neglected, though requested by the mistress, to send any doctor's certificate as to the truth of the statement. At ten o'clock one night, and accompanied by a man, she presented herself again at the flat where she had been employed. The mistress refused to allow her to come back at that hour, and without further inquiry, into her service, and on the girl's refusing to leave the flat, the lady put her out, as she said, "as gently as possible." Mr. Plowden, on those facts, found for the servant for "assault," and informed the lady that she was "altogether in the wrong."

Magistrates, who are "mere men" and often seem actually to make a point of living with their heads in the empyrean, may not be aware of it, but it is the fact, not only that many a servant particularly delights to leave her place on the slightest excuse without giving notice, but also that there are quite a considerable number of women who make a living by this proceeding. They take up a situation purposely to make themselves so offensive, to be so insubordinate, and to display such incapacity for the cooking or other duties that they have undertaken, that, after only a day or two of it, the mistress is driven to say that the servant must leave at once. Then the damsel demands her month's wages, and in more cases than ought to happen, from the dislike of a lady to a row or to appearing in a police or county court, the month's wages are paid, and the woman leaves to repeat elsewhere forthwith the same ingenious method of bread-winning.

But how about a character? Sometimes a written one has been accepted; sometimes, unhappily, the

previously deceived mistress has actually been so cowardly and selfish as to give the impostor what is essentially a false character as well as a month's wages; and in one case that I heard of, a lady came home from a dinner-party to discover that the unengaged "new cook" was snugly in bed upstairs—she had arrived quite late with her box, and told the other servants that she was engaged. The next morning, when ordered

Messrs. Peter Robinson begin their usual winter sale, which affords ladies a wonderful array of bargains in goods of the latest fashion and the highest class, on Monday, Dec. 30. The sale continues all through the month of January. Owing to the extreme mildness of the winter hitherto, and to the depressed state of business consequent upon that fact, combined with the general badness of the financial situation, there is this time an exceptional accumulation of stocks, and to clear off this surplus Messrs. Peter Robinson are making extraordinary sacrifices. This applies to both establishments; the great Oxford

Street house, looking into Oxford Circus, and the equally fine premises in Regent Street, a few doors down from Oxford Street. Each house has its own special bargains, particulars of which can be found in the respective catalogues. The Regent Street "Peter's" always makes a speciality of mourning goods and black materials; while the Oxford Circus house not only shows "everything for ladies' and children's wear," but also extends its operations over household draperies and some descriptions of furnishing goods. In this last-mentioned direction will be found some of the most remarkable bargains. Owing to lack of space, the Household China Department at the Oxford Circus house of Messrs. Peter Robinson is to be discontinued, and the stock of dinner-services, table-glass, toilet-sets, and the like, is to be disposed of at one-half the value, and in some cases at less than half the original price. Robes, furs, lace, mantles, underclothing, umbrellas, gloves—in short, every department has great bargains to offer, and the ladies who cannot call personally can read all about it in the catalogue.

Messrs. Liberty's beautiful goods are too well known to need lengthened praise, and their winter sale is looked forward to by thousands of ladies as affording a welcome opportunity to secure these unique, artistic, and charming goods at a price within the reach of modest purses. In every department of Messrs. Liberty's business large reductions are the order of the day. There are all the exquisite fabrics, whether for ladies' personal wear or for the decoration of the home, with which the name of Liberty is inseparably associated. The furniture at their house in Regent Street is equally distinctive and artistic. Eastern rugs and carpets share in the reductions made in the usual prices during the sale, and so do the Japanese embroideries, and other Japanese goods of all classes. The famous "Liberty" velveteen, which is as soft and supple as velvet, and dyed in the long range of "Liberty" shades that are one and all so artistic and refined, may be had just now in blouse lengths. A sale-catalogue, giving full details, can be had by post by any of my readers on application.

FILOMENA.

FASHION IN RESTAURANTS.

BY MILADI.

FASHION, the dear despotic mistress to whom do homage great and small, old and young, does not confine her empire to sumptuary matters. Not only do her loyal subjects obey her dictates in the realm of furbelows and fallals, but they would not dream of questioning her right to dictate where they are to live, where they are to shop, and where they are to dine. To her inspiration we owe the pleasant twentieth century custom of lunching and dining at smart hotel restaurants, seeing and being seen, enjoying social intercourse amid luxurious surroundings, and appreciating perfectly cooked and perfectly served dishes, the more because unpriced by consultations with a cantankerous cook. Old-fashioned folk may sigh for the solemn sanctity of the home meal, but there is no doubt that upon the highly-strung woman of to-day the necessity of looking her best, the consciousness of

Domestic worries, too, cannot exist in the *bien-être* of a well appointed restaurant.

The hotel restaurant most frequented by those whose names are found in Debrett, is invariably one which unites to perfection of cuisine a scheme of decoration and lighting becoming to fair faces and smart frocks. Light must be softly diffused, not glaring; decoration harmonious, but unobtrusive. At the Curzon Restaurant, Curzon Street, Mayfair, in the heart of aristocratic London, and where everybody who is anybody in the social world is to be seen just now, the atmosphere has a singularly seductive charm. No blantant bandstrains mar the soft hum of well-bred voices; the

up the reins at the Curzon, has for his right hand Mr. William Liebrich, late of the Carlton and Savoy; for his chef, a veritable master of his art, and one most fertile of resource, for hardly a day passes without the inclusion of some novelty in the menu.



THE RESTAURANT IN THE "CURZON HOTEL."

admiring eyes, the chat with friends, the choice of appetising *plat*s, exercises a far better influence than the often indifferently-prepared home repast.

excellent coffee, and rare liqueurs may be enjoyed. Mr. S. Harwath, who had many years of experience in the most famous Continental houses before he took



WHITE SALON, FOR WEDDING RECEPTIONS, IN THE "CURZON HOTEL."

crimson pile carpet, the ivory walls and graceful pillars with pink-shaded lights on golden branches, the Regency decorations, the restful white-and-green enamelled chairs, the flower-decked tables, compose a picture of beauty whose dignified simplicity appeals even to those satiated with luxury. Adjoining is the spacious winter-garden lounge, where the Curzon's fine brands of cigars, exceptionally

Man is often content to take the goods the gods provide him; woman likes to peep behind the scenes and know under what conditions her food is prepared, so she may like to know that hygiene rules the roost at the Curzon. The lofty, airy, culinary department is faced with white enamelled bricks, and equipped with electrically worked grill, roasters and toasters; the *batterie de cuisine* is in purest nickel, not copper or iron, and personal supervision guarantees scrupulous cleanliness. The air of the dining-room is, by a new ventilation system, washed and purified before admission, and the guests breathe a pure, constantly renewed supply, even on the foggiest day. The Curzon cellar is renowned for its superb Rhine wines and Moselles. Yet with all this luxury and up-to-dateness the charges are very moderate for the *recherché* lunch and dinner, to wit, 3/6 for the former, and 5/6 for the latter. The beautiful White Salon is in great request too for fashionable wedding receptions. And now I can't tell you any more for my taxicab wants to whirl me there to lunch on the famous bouillabaisse!



To have a Pianola delivered to your Home need only cost you Five Pounds now

Ever since piano-players were invented, the Pianola has been recognised as the standard instrument, and at the present day the word has become so well known that many consider it a name for all kinds of piano-players. For this very reason it is necessary the intending purchaser should be advised that the genuine Pianola can be obtained only from the Orchestrelle Company and its recognised agents.

There are many good and sufficient reasons why the Pianola should have become so popular. IT IS THE INSTRUMENT GREAT MUSICIANS HAVE RECOGNISED AS THE ONLY ONE WHICH GIVES RESULTS THAT ARE MUSICALLY SATISFACTORY. Paderewski, Strauss, Grieg, Chaminaud, Moszkowski, and many others equally famous, have co-operated with the manufacturers to enable anyone to interpret compositions correctly by means of the Metrostyle, one of the 316 patents which are incorporated in the Pianola. THESE GREAT AUTHORITIES CONSIDER THE METROSTYLE INDISPENSABLE.

THE LATEST PIANOLA DEVICE, THE THEMODIST, CONFERS ON ONE'S PLAYING A VARIABLE TOUCH. By its use, the melody is never obscured by a heavy accompaniment, but a composition is played just as a musician renders it, giving prominence to the theme notes and subduing the accompaniment.

BY MEANS OF THE METROSTYLE AND THEMODIST EVERYONE CAN PLAY WELL WITH THE PIANOLA, and it is to this end, namely, that Pianola-Playing may always be musical and interesting, that the instrument has been developed. Of no other piano-player can this be said.

You will doubtless agree, therefore, that when you think of buying a piano-player it would be well to see it is the genuine Pianola you are investigating.

For a payment of Five Pounds now you can secure a Pianola. The balance you can spread over one, two, or three years, as you may desire.

For further particulars write for Catalogue H.

The Orchestrelle Company,
ÆOLIAN HALL,
135-6-7, New Bond Street, London, W.

Have you seen our baby?

NEAVE'S FOOD
WHEN PREPARED
ACCORDING TO THE
DIRECTIONS GIVEN,
FORMS

A Complete Diet
for the Infant,
the Aged,
the Infirm.
Easily digestible,
Health-giving,
Strength-giving.

**THE MEDICAL
MAGAZINE SAYS:—**
"The starch is so split up that, after cooking, no evidence of its presence can be detected by the microscope, thus doing away in this particular instance with the objection that foods containing starch are not digested by very young children, and the fact that numerous children have been brought up from birth upon this Food, with the best results, is the strongest proof of the correctness of what is stated."

**SOLD IN 1^{1/2} AND
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Photo, Dower Street Studios
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We have often thought that many players and singers, who lose money over their recitals to-day with such unfailing regularity, would cut their losses and even make a little if they would reduce considerably the price of seats. It is absurd to ask the general public to pay half-a-guinea to hear a voice of moderate quality, or some piano or violin playing that is excellent without being distinguished. But the absurdity persists. And the concert-giver is often compelled either to trespass upon the good-nature of long-suffering friends, or to arrange for free-ticket distribution on a very large scale in order that he may appear to have a big as well as a sympathetic audience. If the best seats in the house were priced at four shillings, the second best at two shillings, and the gallery at one shilling, or even sixpence, there would be some reasonable chance of securing a large and paying audience for any performance of average ability. It may be said that such prices would hardly pay expenses, but against such a statement must be put the undeniable fact that existing prices do not pay expenses, because they cannot be obtained. Without being a competent mathematician the writer cannot avoid a belief that it is better to sell 250 tickets at four shillings apiece, than to sell fifty at half-a-guinea and give 200 away.

Then, again, it is possible that the prices at which the halls are let and the painting is done would bear reduction—they do not err at present on the side of moderation. The fact is that, save in the case of prodigies and experienced players who bring a reputation with them to the concert-hall, there is very little public support for the ordinary recital. It is given generally to attract the attention of the Press to some ambitious performer, who believes that fortune can be founded upon a few favourable paragraphs. The cost of hiring the hall, paying for advertisements, and obtaining a little assistance, is out of all proportion to the results that are obtained without a successful personal canvass among wealthy friends. The *réclame* costs more than it is worth, but the unfortunate concert-givers return again and again to the charge, and, as disillusioned mediocrities fall out of the ranks, fresh enthusiasts are waiting to take their places. So the game goes on, merrily enough for the concert-halls, but, one fears, disastrously for

all save those concert-givers who have "good gifts." And there will hardly be any improvement until the players who feel that life without Press notices is no longer worth living decide to reduce the prices charged for admission to their performances to a figure that has regard for the value of the musical interpretation of the programme.

The photograph of the Fitzgerald gun which appeared in our columns lately was by the Graphic Photo Union.

If anyone were to ask us a Christmas conundrum, "What is the most literary of tobaccos?" no smoker would be at a loss for the answer. Dr. J. M. Barrie has, as it were, granted a degree to one famous brand, which is now a candidate for further honours. Messrs. Carreras have just introduced their new Double Broad Cut Craven Mixture, which is so cunningly blended that the makers can guarantee the perfection of every pipeful. The tobacco cannot possibly form into lumps, and however tightly the pipe is packed the smoke reaches the mouth free of all heat. Most smokers are seekers after the ideal tobacco. When they try the ethereally delicious New Broad Cut they will realise that their search is ended.



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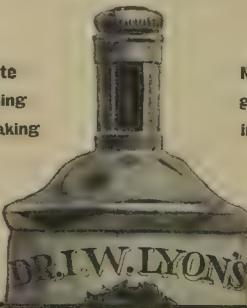
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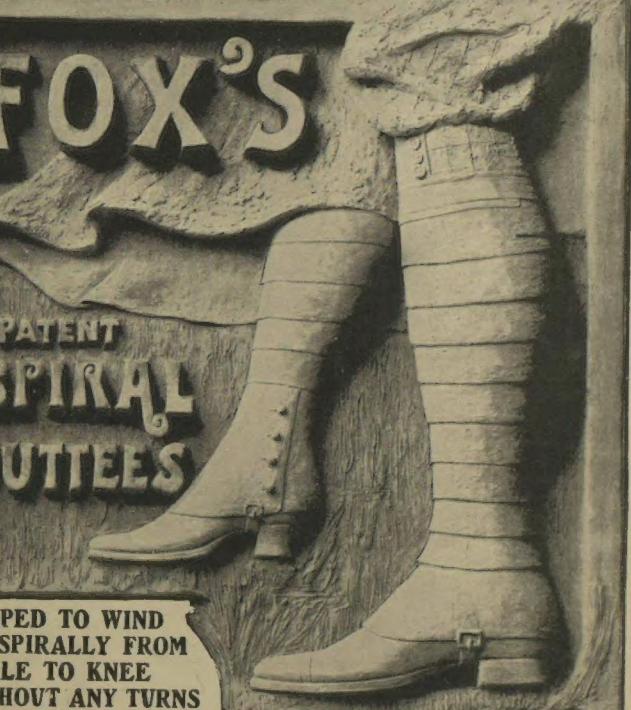
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THE LITTLE WORLD IN BOOKS.

SURELY for good and ill the children of to-day are richly dowered by the makers of books. If they are surfeited with gollywog and wallypug monstrosities which would have been allowed into no decent nursery a generation ago, on the other hand the treasures of the whole world's fairy-tale and folk-lore are unfolded to them in admirable manner. Miss Margaret E. Noble, for instance, who prefers to call herself the Sister Nivedita of Ramakrishna - Vivekananda, has in her "Cradle Tales of Hinduism" (Longmans), produced a delightful collection of the old Hindu stories, paraphrased from the great Sanskrit epics—the Mahabharata and Ramayana—and some of the Sacred Books. These are the genuine tales that have been told for more than twenty centuries to Hindu children, and they open the door to a fascinating world of romance, peopled by beautiful princesses and terrible serpent kings, kindly apes and brave warriors, ogres and deities. Miss Noble shows us the legends before they were debased, and since Lady Frere's charming "Old Deccan Days" no such delightful book has come from Ind.

Among books for younger children we find Mr. Aldin's hand in "Zoo Babies" (Frowde and Hodder and Stoughton, 3s. 6d.), really brilliant drawings of the principal juvenile denizens of the Zoo; also illuminated by short "interviews" by G. E. Farrow. The gardens have also inspired Mr. G. F. Christie's spirited pictures in "Our Toy Zoo" (Blackie, 2s. 6d.); and children are sure to like his "Our Happy Holiday" (Blackie, 2s. 6d.), the stories of which are by the ready pen of Miss Sheila Braine. L. Leslie Brooke shows an extraordinary power of appreciating the humorous aspect of animals in "Johnny Crow's Party" (F. Warne, 2s. 6d. net).

Quite little children are amply catered for. "The Rhyme of a Run" by Florence Harrison (Blackie, 6s. net.) contains a wealth of really artistic coloured pictures. "Sambo and Susanna" (Blackie, 3s. 6d.), on the other hand, though the pictures are funny, makes the sad mistake of bringing the grown-up business of love and marriage into the relations between a little black boy and girl. "Doggy Doggerel" (Blackie, 2s. 6d.) will appeal irresistibly to all child-lovers of dogs; while among the A.B.C. books, "Amy's Wonderful 'At Home,'" verses by W. Gurney Benham and pictures by Hervey Elwes (Blackie, 1s. 6d.), will take a high place.

Mr. Louis Wain is an old friend at Christmas, and this year he increases his reputation, if that be possible, by "Louis Wain's Annual" (Bemrose and Sons), a really marvellous shilling's-worth of stories and pictures by his many clever friends; while "A Trip to Catland with Louis Wain" and "To Nursery-land with Louis Wain" (Raphael Tuck) are full of his own extraordinarily human pussies.

There is nowadays quite a distinct class of children's books, consisting of volumes corresponding in size to their gratified little owners. Among these the best are "The Little Soldier Book," verses by Jessie Pope, pictures by Harry Mayer, and "Ten Little Nigger Boys and Ten Little Nigger Girls," by Nora Case (Chatto

and Windus, 1s. net each), though the latter is perhaps rather terrifying for small nervous systems! Messrs. Treherne and Co. publish the delightfully dainty "Hippopotamus Book" and "The Humpty Dumpty Book" (6d. net each), and Messrs. Blackie, at the same marvellous price, issue three irresistibles in "The Cake Shop," "The Toy Shop," and "The Sweet Shop," while twice as large and twice the price are Mr. Charles Robinson's three booklets, "Black Sambo," "Black Doggies," and "Black Bunnies," from the same firm. "Humpty Dumpty's Little Son," by Helen R. Cross, and "A Dutch Doll's Ditties," by C. Aubrey Moore (Chatto and Windus, 1s. net.) have a note of originality, as has also the charming "Little Blue Rabbit and his Adventures," pictured by Hilda Austin, and written by C. F. Austin (Ernest Nister).

In "The Dolly Ballads" (The Clarendon Press, 3s. 6d.) Mr. Robert Blatchford is, on the whole, wonderfully successful in reproducing the baby talk of a communicative little maiden, whose quaint fancies are admirably illustrated by Mr. Frank Cheshworth.

Old-fashioned people will delight in the big batch of coloured picture-books, all designed and printed in England, and issued by the famous house of Raphael Tuck; among these may be particularly mentioned "Favourite Nursery Rhymes," "My Train Book," "Old King Cole's Nursery Party," "Friends from Nursery Land A.B.C." (untearable), "My Honey's A.B.C." (in indestructible calico), "The Children's Hour," "Days of Delight," "Granny's Stories," and "Pots and Playmates."

A charming poetic fancy and a deep knowledge of children are both apparent in "Out of the Everyday World," by F. Connolly (Thomas Burleigh, 2s. 6d. net), and the black-and-white drawings are worthy of these delicately quaint little stories.

Books designed to impart information are often, and justly, regarded with suspicion in the nursery, but this certainly does not apply to Messrs. Blackie's "Tales and Talks about Children" (2s. 6d.) and "Our Wonderful World: Nature Stories for Children" (1s.), in which the powders of fact are ingeniously concealed in an abundance of literary and pictorial jam! A capital miscellany is "The Wonder Book" an annual intended for boys and girls who can read easily (Ward, Lock, 3s. 6d.). "Blackie's Children's Annual" (3s. 6d.) may be unreservedly commended, for it contains excellent work in stories and rhymes by Miss Evelyn Sharp, Mrs. Molesworth, and Mrs. L. T. Meade, and in drawings by Mr. John Hassall, Mr. Gordon Browne, and many others. "Harry Rountree's Annual" (Cassell, 3s. 6d.) is remarkable for its contributions by Mr. Pett Ridge, Miss Marjorie Bowen, Mr. Walter Emanuel, and others. The annual volume of "Our Jabberwock," which is so ably edited by Miss Brenda Girvin (Chapman and Hall) will be warmly welcomed by all children "of school age." For their somewhat younger brothers and sisters, the yearly volume of "Chatterbox" (3s.), and "The Prize" (1s. 6d.) (Wells Gardner) may be safely commended. "My Book of Brave Men" (Blackie, 1s.) is full of noble deeds which should stir the pulses of strong-minded children who are not likely to be frightened by the vivid pictures.

THE MIMICRY OF PLANTS.

(See Science Page.)

IT is rather curious that science is so slow to grant as possible in the world of plants the mimicry and protective resemblance which is so freely admitted in the case of animals. Indeed, that anything of the kind exists in the vegetable kingdom is a view only held by the advanced thinkers of the day, although why there should be this reluctance it is not easy to say. That there are some remarkable cases in support of the theory must be admitted by the most casual observer. At a glance it is not at all easy to tell the difference between the stinging-nettle and the white dead nettle, especially if the latter is not showing its flowers. Yet the first-named plant is one of the best protected of our native weeds, and is studiously avoided by most grazing animals, whilst the other species is perfectly harmless. Is it not reasonable to suggest that the innocuous plant often escapes from harm by the resemblance which it bears to the virulent nettle? Quite a large number of other plants may be said to resemble the stinging-nettle, more or less to the benefit of the mimicking species.

A very powerful odour is undoubtedly a protection to a plant, and it will be noticed that species which smell and taste strongly are rarely attacked to any extent. The horse-mint, a plant often common on the margins of brooks, is quite saturated in every part of its foliage with a rank flavour. On this account it must often escape attack from possible enemies who, after an experimental tasting would henceforth shun the plant? Now a frequent companion of the horse-mint is the brooklime, a plant which in the early stages of its growth bears a most remarkable resemblance to the odiferous species. It is a very reasonable supposition to suggest that the brooklime, from the likeness which it bears to the mint, is at times avoided by those who would otherwise do it an injury.

Some of the most interesting plants in the world are the South African Mesembryanthemums. Several examples of this genus are grown in England under the name of fig-marigolds, but it is to a little group of desert species that attention would be directed. A typical instance is *M. truncatum*, and this plant is so extraordinarily formed that it exactly resembles a few pieces of stone. This is surely a clear case of protective resemblance, for in the parched districts where the plant grows, it is of immense value that the succulent vegetation of the mesembryanthemum should be unnoticed by thirsty animals. Many kinds of seeds from the Pacific islands are wonderfully like beetles. This appearance may well scare away grannivorous birds, and is definitely believed to do so. On the other hand, some of the smaller seeds which are coated to withstand the digestive juices are very likely consumed in large quantities by insect-eating birds, and in this way distributed over a large area. The strange resemblances which many orchids bear to insects it is impossible to explain; whether they are mere chance likenesses or not is quite unknown. The pretty bee orchis is a familiar British example.

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